



REV. JOHN B. CULPEPPER AND WIFE.

THE DIVINE ATLAS

BY

Rev. JOHN B. CULPEPPER.



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A FOREWORD BY THE AUTHOR.

For twenty or twenty-five years the substance of what is found in the following pages has been embodied in two or three talks, often given in the same meeting. Particularly, the first sermon falls under the eye of the reader, as it has been delivered before many audiences.

I withhold many highly flattering expressions from some of the best critics in the land, partly because they are stronger than I think either I or my argument deserve, and partly because their insertion here would add to the cost of this volume. I may embody some of them in epitome, and send them forth in circular form, later.

I have been more blessed in and after delivering these discourses on the deity of our Lord than any others, and there have been times when He so enthralled my soul, that for hours after I have been so conscious of Him that His appearance in bodily form would neither have much surprised me, nor more have disqualified me for common talk or work.

The Holy Spirit has honored these sermons to many thousands of God's dear people, in all stages of experience, and most of all those who had walked long with Him in white.

These sermons have been a marvelous surprise to me, as they have elicited confessions of scepticism concerning the divinity of Christ or the felt need of a stronger faith.

That silly, slushy theology which makes Jesus good, but only human, is more offensive to Him and more hurtful to the evangelistic movement of

the church than Paine's reasoning, Voltaire's ravings, or Ingersoll's vulgarisms.

That spirit of compromise which will cast a vote for Unitarianism to be placed in position of trust, bears a blighting breath of decadence more withering than the Asiatic slogan of "The Koran or Death," or the Sanhedric cry of "The rather, release unto us Barabbas."

Our incarnation, back up into God, is utterly impossible, until He, God, is first incarnated down into humanity—so that God cannot be our Father, in any profound, distinctive sense, until we are regenerated or born again, or have been budded back unto the divine stock.

One of the ways of "The Law of Life" is that of "Overshadowing." The vegetable life overshadows the mineral and lifts it into a new birth. The animal life overshadows the vegetable life and lifts it into a larger and a new life. The human life reaches down into the animal life and lifts it by the same overshadowing process. When God overshadowed a pure virgin, whom He had been training up to, from the call of Abraham or longer, He just followed His own great law of down reach and uplift.

To accept my statement is but to say that our good Father, God, always acts according to a law of life, and that He always makes the first move towards His people. This being true. His incarnation and our consequent adoption and translation back into His holy nature is a thing, reasonable to our faith, as it is stupendously glorious to our experience.

JNO. B. CULPEPPER.

PREFACE.

Many times I have dreamed of the hour when I would be able to commit this little book to my thousands of friends. I care not whether the reader takes the Torrey view of the higher life, viz., "that the old man, or nature, is put in the place of death, or snowed under, and may be held there by walking in the light as Jesus Christ is in the light" or whether the more Methodistic view—that of a crucifixion, or the death of the old nature, takes place, as a second work of grace; by both views Christ is author of a glorious indwelling, and a partner of our lives through His ever adorable Spirit. Both views aim at, and to some extent, succeed in crowning Him Lord of all, establish it as an experience that there is absolutely no other name whereby we must be saved.

In this unpretentious volume the staggering thought of companionship with all power, all life, all love, and for all time and eternity, is set forth in prayer and as earnestly and logically as the capacity of the author would allow of.

The author knows, by a blessed, ever-widening experience, those things of which he has spoken. He also firmly believes that some day this same Jesus will return in like manner as He went away.

This volume is hereby presented to Jno. B. Culpepper, Jr., our youngest son, and his young and consecrated wife, who has entered with him into the life service of Jesus Christ. Their de-

votion to their Lord, and zeal in revival work is very touchingly beautiful, and I gladly give them this book, with any sales which may accrue therefrom.

Wife and I pray daily that he and she may follow in the footsteps of our son Marvin and his wife, Burke and his wife, and go beyond them and us in deadness to this world, and lead many thousands to know Him of whom these pages speak.

AUTHOR.

THE DIVINE ATLAS.

When a boy at school I have sat and looked at the old, bowed man, Atlas staggering along with the world on his shoulders. The picture is familiar to every reader. How I did want to help carry that burden! How I wondered who was so cruel as to impose the task upon him!

NOT ALL MYTH.

Time has taught me that the old man, under the world, was a myth. But time has taught me, also, that Adam was not a myth, but that Adam did get under the world, and did stagger off with it and throw it into an abyss of sin and ruin.

Then I have seen some Atlas, in each generation, and under every dispensation, assay to go into those depths and get under the poor old world, and bring it, with its inhabitants, back to its proper place. So many by the name and with the avowed ability and purpose had arisen and gone forth, and so signally failed to rezone the poor old planet, that its inhabitants had despaired.

A NEW ATLAS.

But a new Atlas has shouldered the world, and multiplied thousands are expecting Him to succeed. Many thousands have no further doubt of it. As the waters that had overwhelmed the world, and even the ark, began to subside, so that the mountain peaks, then their sides, then their base,

and then the rich valleys, until a renewed world stood forth—our *new Atlas* has gone down into the slimy depths, and dug under and gotten under, and with more than human strength can use or invent or comprehend. He, our Beloved Atlas, has begun to lift, until the starry and sun-lit heavens can be seen and felt and we are looking into each others' faces and read a new Hope, as we feel a new thrill quavering through us, body, mind and soul.

COMMON GROUND.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that, perceiving that he was not at what he thought his best, as a soul winner, he told his family not to expect him home to dinner—took his Bible and went to the distant forests, and to some secluded hillside, opened the volume and his heart, and began to look for the secret of the early preacher's success.

After hours of investigation, and especially of prayer, he decided that it lay in the fact that the disciples, and all of those sons of thunder, first found *common ground* between themselves and their auditors, then, occupying it—they massed all the facts at command, and bore down with them upon intellect, conscience and will.

Believing this to be the secret, he returned home, and prepared for the Sabbath service. He had the great satisfaction of receiving at the chancel, at the end of his first sermon, a number of the leading business men of New York, as candidates for membership in his church.

The discovery so overjoyed him that he went home, ignoring all he met, repeating "Eureka! Eureka!" having forgotten to get his hat or wait for his wife.

COMMON GROUND WITH YOU.

I don't want you to look upon me, for once, as a preacher. Don't remember that this is the holy day, but just call it a holiday, for once. Don't attach any more value, for the time, to this Bible than you would to any reliable history, poem or biography. You need not remember that this house has been set apart as holy, but is just a meeting place.

Now, if this puts me on common ground with you, I want to announce my text in my own way.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CHRIST?

First. Let me ask if you have ever thought seriously about Him. His purpose in this world, as He announces it, and as all who wrote and spoke of Him, ages before His advent, is the most astounding thought that ever throbbed through brain, human or divine, and the most staggering truth or falsehood that ever greeted or grated upon any eardrum or made an arrest in the empire of conscience.

"'Twere great to speak a world from nought,
But greater to redeem."

Nothing short of this had our Atlas undertaken.
To do which He must get under the race.

THE DEVIL, THE AUTHOR OF INCARNATION.

So it would seem. We have underrated him.

but he was originally great, in wisdom, power, and in the service and secrets of God. When he fell he put out many lights which shone in those upper firmaments. When he came to earth it was fallen greatness, and was so recognized by brother angels and God Himself. His power, he largely retained, and employs it in despoilation, where once, no doubt, he was a great builder.

I don't doubt but that the angels, who were left after that first war, were aghast at the spectacle of such a fall, by such a being, and no doubt it took Almighty God to handle him, as indeed it has ever since.

It seems that the great God intended Adam to Atlas the world, but the devil did it. He shouldered it and its promising pair and walked off before the astonished gaze of a universe.

To do this the devil had recourse to the body of some animal—most probably the monkey, and one no doubt with which Eve and Adam were sufficiently familiar not to be afraid. By using this animal's body he made a near approach and won in upon their confidence, and won out against God and this promising pair.

HENCE, THE DEVIL GOT UNDER THE WORLD BY GET-
TING INTO THE RACE. FOUR OR FIVE
CARDS IN HIS PACK.

First. He got near them by Incarnation.

Second. He feigned interest and true friendship.

Third. He adroitly reasoned with the woman—throwing a telling card. He called her attention to the beauty of the tree. A woman for beauty. He struck her where she was strong and therefore weak. It is in her nature to love the beautiful. She could not deny or gainsay his words. Another point gained. He told her the fruit was good for the taste. A woman for taste. It is her realm. It is her creation. It is within her province, always. He struck her again in her own nature. *The tree did look beautiful.* Another card had hit home.

He told her that the tree would make her wise. Again he struck home. It is not curiosity which makes more girls wade through school, to graduation, than boys. It is a call from her undeveloped sense of wifehood, motherhood, womanhood, citizenship, to which she is responding.

THE OLD ATLAS HAD THE WORLD.

How long it had stood we know not. How many such had already been launched we, at present, have no way of knowing, except that we have never seen our great God repeating Himself, in creation. He is as wonderful in variety as in unity. It is possible that He had never before breathed into any nostril the breath of life. It is almost certain that He had never before called a council, and after divine deliberation, made a creature in His image, and after His likeness.

If these surmises are even approximately true, what must have been the surprise of all the loyal

intelligences of the wide universe when the devil captured the pride of all worlds, the admiration of every servant of God and this material darling of the heart of the good and great God Himself!! I dare say that the devil and his followers were as much shocked by this quickly-won victory, and one of such far-reaching proportions, as they were awhile ago by their utter rout, and the loss of heaven and all good.

What the length of that half hour, in heaven was, what pendulum will again toll off? What thoughts of surprise, what questions arose, what suspense paralyzed the million-tongued worlds who looked anxiously on, who shall tell us?

Did suns stand, and stars veil their light, and moons begin to weave sackcloth while the question, "Who shall loose the seals of doom on this book?" awaited an answer?

I do hope that some preserved film will show me what passed through the mind of the pre-car-nate Christ as He looked on the ruin of the new world, and of all the worlds, and the threatened bankruptcy of all creation, and the dethronement of God Himself. How long was He in formulating some plan, of coming to this, the most astounding purpose?

"O, for this love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break—
And all harmonious human tongues,
Their Saviour's praises speak."



JOHN B. CULPEPPER, JR.

ARMS AROUND.

Somewhere, in my writings, I have recorded how Bishop Campbell, a negro, said, "Brethren, I have stood and seen and heard negroes sold from the block during slavery. I have heard a negro sold, when on a runaway expedition—" "How much am I offered for this negro, who is on his feet, in the woods? What am I offered for him, with the chance? Been gone for months. What am I offered? Going, once, twice three times and gone to purchaser with the chance.'" Then he said, "My brethren, when this old world was bid off to Jesus He just bought the chance. It had been on its feet, in the woods and a running, for four thousand years. Slim chance! Dim tracks! Unheard of for centuries.

"But He found the trail, found a campfire here and there—found some fresher signs, struck encouragement, got on its track, ran it down and said, 'Old world, stop! I left all the angels crying. They sent you their love, and said tell you to come home.' He stood there and held the old world to his heart, in that deep wilderness of lostness till it said 'I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more—I sink by dying love compelled and own Thee conqueror.

"That morning, and in that hour," said the Bishop, "attraction reversed and ever since this old world has been rolling towards home."

UNDER THE WORLD.

Our blessed Atlas did more than throw His

arms about the old world great as that was. He got under it, and is today, on His struggling march back home.

My text arrests you, and reads, "What do you think of Christ, getting under the world?" Have you thought of Christ and

DISCOVERY?

Job said that God hung the world on nothing. Columbus, reading that, said, "Then I can sail around it," and undertaking it, based, not on scientific dogma, or any theory of gravitation, rotundity, velocity, centripetence, centrifugence, or anything scientific or philosophic, but on that one Bible statement, which he believed—and October, 1492, found this "new world."

Soon other vessels braved the seas and soon bands of pilgrims, seeking a country "whose maker and builder is God," came, and soon the open Bible and preaching chapel, and sacred Sabbath, and altar of prayer announced their policy of government and home. All of this, and much like it, showed that Christ was the real discoverer of America, and that He was and is under this nation.

A minister, now too old had he been a financier—now too old had he been a doctor—was asked to resign, due to the fact that he was not so attractive to the people—sat, after the congregation had retired him and retired to their homes—when a timid lad approached him and said, "Mr, excuse me, but I heard your sermon and I want to

ask if you think I can be good enough to be a missionary like you were talking about, if I pray a heap and try hard?"

The sad hearted, retiring preacher, said, "Why yes, my precious boy, you can." That little boy became the great Moffatt, and furnished the great Livingstone with his wife, who helped him so in his great career. Any tyro, in knowledge, knows of Livingstone and his great career. The natives called him "Old Man," "Long Beard," "Great Walker," "Well Digger," and many such pet names.

When Livingstone died, they, the natives, took his heart out and placed it in African soil, saying his home folks can have the rest of him but his heart was with us, and we will keep that. His body they rudely embalmed, and lugged it hundreds of miles to the coast and shipped it home.

SEEN ONE MAN.

When, after he had succeeded, as is the habit of poor, weak human nature—after he had succeeded in Africa, scholarship and human greatness sent for him to come home. They wanted to tack a few gaudy things, named degrees and medals, about him. It is no more than a girl does when she pins a blue ribbon on her father's horse, that has thrown the turf further behind him than any other thoroughbred.

As was their wont the boys of Edinboro lined up on the stage to grill him with questions, and otherwise disport themselves at his expense. The

hour arrived; the crowd of expectant people had gathered, the grillers were in place and pose, but no victim.

Doctor—said, “Will David Livingstone come to the platform?”

An old man from the audience arose—an old man with deep, far-looking eyes; shoulders a little drooped, hair white and flowing—came slowly down the aisle with an annoyed look in eye and tread—saying as he came, ‘Friends, please do to me whatever you are going to, quick, for I am in a hurry to get through and get off back. I have other roads to blaze out for commerce and travel; I have other large sections to subjugate to civilization; I have other rivers to pursue to their home hidings; I have other mysterious mountains to explore, and relate; I have other wildernesses to lasso and enmap; I have a thousand other paths to blaze out for the gospel heralds to carry the cross of my blessed Master, and hundreds of chapel sites to locate. So do what you do, quick, please.”

The great audience rose and stood motionless, eyes transfixed, while the young men stood speechless for a minute, as the veteran faced the audience, with an arm hung in imperial paralysis, from the craunch of a lion’s jaw—eyes looking beyond the audience, beyond England, beyond the rolling seas and back into his adopted country.

Suddenly one of the youths stepped forward and shouted, “Go, old man! Old well digger! Old

path blazer! Go, tame the lions! Go! blaze the roads for the heralds of your King! Go, break the backbone of slavery, and you shall go at once, if you will be so good as to leave us but one of your gray hairs, which have been bathed in Afric's sunny fountain, and grayed under her sultry suns—Go, and leave us one hair, that we may point to it in the future and say to coming students, this grew on the head of the only real man who ever so honored and so beshamed us as to cross our threshold, giving us our small measure but inspiring us towards the greatness of self-denial and sacrifice.”

Then, as our Christ used the eyes of a Columbus to find and unroll America, so He used the eyes of the great Livingstone to open up Africa.

CHRIST AND DISCOVERY.

When Christ told good Ananias to pull the scales from Paul's eyes, it was that he might have his eyes with which to see the man who cried, from the European shore, “Come over and help us.” Here, then, is another Christian discovery, another country taken up by our blessed Atlas.

Had I the time I could tell you of Paul, Christ, and Palestine and even Rome; Christ and Cary and India; Christ, Young Allen and China, and on to the end of many chapters.

RECENT DISCOVERIES.

They tell us that Cuba will soon blossom as the rose, and give as the reason that Christ, with the

school-house and open Bible is under that Island. They tell us of the wonderful developments going on in the Philippine Islands and give as the solution of the wonder that our beloved Christ is under them with His schools, His word and His Spirit of life.

THE ALOE PLANT.

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant
 Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Bursts into a thousand flowers;
This floral green, in its beauty seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers:
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice;
 For it blooms but once, and blooming, dies.

Have you ever heard of this aloe plant
 That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they fall in the blooming time,
Is an infant tree that fastens its roots
 In the place where they fell to the ground,
And fast as they fall from the dying stem
 Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying, it lives a thousand-fold
 In the young that springs from the death of the
 old.

Have you heard of Him, whom the heavens adore,
 And before the Host of them fall?

How He left His choirs and anthems above
For earth, in its wailing and woe,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
Oh, Prince of the noble! O, Savior Divine!
What sorrow or sacrifice equal to Thine?
Have you heard of this tale—the best one of all—
The tale of the holy and true?
He dies! Now in untold souls, but His life
Springs up in the world anew.
His seed prevail, and are filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above:
He taught us to give up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love:
His death is our life, and His life is our gain—
The joy for the tear; the peace for the pain.
—ANON.

UNDER BUSINESS.

Have you ever thought of Christ, and business?
A long while ago, few men could sign their names, even among the rich and great. His X-mark was invented, but the cross mark was a figure of the Cross. This, no man dared make in jest or dishonesty, as it had all the significance of the most sacred oath. So it came about that men preferred to have a witness of creditor or debtor make the sacred cross, for then he was considered most conscientiously bound.

Hence, from the ignorant colored man of the South to kings of the dark ages, have ignorance,

superstition and incompetence themselves borne testimony to the lifting power of the cross.

Have you ever stopped in your mad rush, or idle drift, to estimate Christ as you would a horse, or a farm? Did you ever think even of the commercial value of our Lord?

Observing the daily presence of a lawyer in my audience for over a week, I asked him why he came, since he never acceded to any proposition. "Well," said he, "I am here to be benefited, if you can reach my case." He then intimated what I had already learned—viz, that he was sceptical.

In the run of the conversation, I said, "Colonel, what do you think of Christ?" He hesitated for a minute, then said, "Do you mean to ask me what I would take for my property if there were no churches, and no Sabbath, or Christian influences?" "Well, yes, sir, if you prefer to put it that way." "Then," said he, "I would take ten cents on the dollar for what I own, and I would be packing my wagons while running the advertisement of sale." "Then," said I, "you will let me quote you as saying that Christ has added seventy-five cents to every dollar you have. Or that you would not be worth more than from ten to twenty-five cents on the dollar, though you owned all that you do, if Christian influences were withdrawn from it?" "Yes, sir, and more too."

Jesus says in Revelations that He stands at the door of our heart and knocks. So He does, but

that is not the only stand which He has taken. You may find Him on the frontiers of your property any time you will walk out there. What is He doing? Protecting you and yours. What do I mean? Let me look at your deeds to that farm or town lot and I will explain. I see some figures here—for instance, 1912-1915. What do these figures represent? You tell me that they mean so many years. So many years since what? Since Rome was built? Since Cicero spake? Since Nero fiddled and Cæsar crossed the Rubicon? Nay, but so many years since Christ was born. If I erase these simple figures, and thereby take the mathematical or business image of Christ off your papers, they are invalidated. Let me destroy the date of Christ's birth and you can't prove your right's to anything which you claim today, not even the woman you call wife, or the man you call husband. Have you ever thought of Christ as the great unselfish real estate dealer? Have you ever thought that if anyone tries to take that which you rightfully own, you have an advocate in Him so long as those figures represent a square deal?

If an American lawyer becomes straitened in his case, he appeals to English law; the English lawyer will appeal to Moses. But Moses is the great law-giver who said, "A prophet, like unto me, will the Lord raise up. Him shall ye hear in all things." All legal principles known in jurisprudence—all business principles are laid down

in Moses and the law, whom Jesus sanctions and recommends.

THE GREAT BUSINESS CHRIST.

Take Christ out of the nine digits and their various and varying values; take Him out of the yardstick and scales; take Him out of the half bushel, and out of the business conscience, and the world would be bankrupt. We know of no landmarks, no scales, no measure, no land lines or corner stones or codes, or principles so old, or half so valuable, or so relied on, or resorted to, as those found in the book of God.

And to this day, in proportion as men practice in business, according to these laws, known to be from God, in so much do we consider them trustworthy. The man deviating from these, we brand as liar, thief, outlaw.

A CHRISTLESS TOWN.

Suppose a city with 50,000 population, and you with one hundred houses in process of erection. Suppose that when you go down to rent them out you find that, for some reason, every one has deserted the place. What would your property be worth? Where no one else lives, no one cares to locate. But suppose when you went to dispose of your houses, all the good people had departed, and none but the vilest lived there. What would your property rent for, to decent people? To ask the question is to answer it. Character has a high commercial rating anywhere. You don't want your next-door neighbor to hail from the slums.

If you find that your neighbor is a bad woman, you cut her acquaintance. This is too well known to need amplification. The more moral and elevated the people, the higher the rental and sale prices of houses and other property. A town full of saloons and no church, has few residents and few recommendations. A town with splendid churches and schools invites the well-to-do, and each new comer advances the values of the entire community.

THE BUSINESS CHRIST.

Not only does He create and enhance values in real estate and other property, but He gives individual morals a commercial rating of high order. When you are looking for a clerk, or typewriter, or a young man for the keyboard, and are told that one is a card player and tipler, while the other belongs to the Sunday school, and is a follower of Christ, you invariably employ him before the other, proving again that "godliness is profitable unto all things."

Christ expands business, creates business and improves the quality thereof. The savage has few wants. They are so easily gratified that he hardly touches others in gratifying them. When Christ comes, He enlarges our vision, He pushes out our horizon, He creates thousands of wants before unknown. We want a house, with Him; we want a larger table and we want neighbors; we want more and better food; we want to know; we want to travel; we are alive all over.

Christ stands for development of high order, and of permanent character. Where the missionary goes, he opens up trade, and the more successful the teachers of Christ whom we send abroad, the larger our orders for goods.

Again, I ask you if you have ever stopped to think of Christ getting under the world.

AN UNRECOGNIZED PRESENCE.

God gave me a great victory with the pastors of Gainesville, Fla., and their people, many years ago. Some seven hundred went into the different churches from the revival, though it was a small town at that time. A few years later, I was in the place again and one of the merchants took me to the corner of the square, and said, "Sir, you may walk around this town, and you will scarcely find a business man who is not an active member of some church, and you will find him in his place at the Sabbath services, too."

This led me into some investigations which much surprised me. I had seen most of those men converted in that meeting and they had nearly all prospered in business. I have watched the growth of the town and the men who have made it. When they wanted the Bible school, they got it; when they wanted the University, they went after it and got it. The spirit of Christ came into these young men and women, and they went forth to build a city and its churches and homes.

I was in Tampa when there was not a foot of sidewalk in its deep sands. The large majority

of the men and women who have made great Tampa, I saw kneel on the saw-dust and cry and repent and pray to God, and mark you, they were day laborers, too. The spirit of the great Christ came upon them and they went forth to build, just as did the men in whom God put the spirit of wisdom to build the ark, and later, to erect the temple.

I was in Jacksonville, Fla., when it was a dirty little river town. I have been there nine times in meetings—mostly in tents—and seen many hundreds of men and women saved, who have risen up, and made this great gateway to God's great Sanatorium, fruit orchard and flower gardens.

Take Calvin Brinkley as one instance. As he would and does tell, for the praise of God, how he came into my tent, intoxicated, and sat listening in a dazed way, while Christ was administering, all unknown, the only and real Keely cure. He went home sobered and opened his heart to his wife and asked her prayers. The next few days were those of great trial. Hearing of a job of ditching, I think it was, a number of miles below Jacksonville, and on the other side of the river, he went down to the margin with one nickel in his pocket, for which he could get a negro to boat him over, or he could spend it for beer and partially quench the fires of a liquor hell, which burned mightily within. The negro got the nickel and he got across the river, and walked until

night overtook him when, hungry and cold, he ran an old sow and pigs out of their bed and lay down, covered and slept; then journeyed on, got the job, did the work, and cured up the hog lice sores and returned home, sober, saved and with forty dollars of honest money in his pocket. This man, who lives among us and who is among the leaders of finance in Jacksonville, and who builds and supports churches, and whom we have honored with seats in our District Annual and General Conference assemblies, began at the bottom, morally, financially and intellectually and is another instance of the universally overlooked fact that God should be credited with the wisdom and ability to accumulate money and do exploits.

I might fill this little space with instances, many of which would be just as striking, proving that just back of political, financial or educational distinction, you will find our Holy Christ—if not in the immediate one, then, in his or her mother.

I would urge this fact upon your consideration, for it is necessary to take the conceit out of many men and some women. Men who accumulate money become arrogant. Even scholarship puffs many who attain it.

Oh how easy to overlook the great Christ!

We praise the surgeon who deftly wields the knife, and cuts away that which would gangrene the whole body; we laud the physician who fights death back and raises up our loved ones, but never stop to trail this surgeon or doctor back to boy-

hood, who gave unmistakable signs of these very wonders he is now performing, showing that Jesus has made and raised him up for these express purposes.

We don't see Christ in the little boy bridge builder, using corn stalks and wood-pile refuse with which to construct the castles of his dawning genius—we don't see Christ but He is there all the same.

We don't see in the boy sailing his kite into the skies, a man who will bottle the lightning for Edison and his regiments—The Mighty Christ—but He is there all the same.

We don't see in the back-woods rail splitter, the coming man who will split open a continent on great moral issues, split off shackles of slavery, and with these rails, split out in ignorance but audacious faith, the rails with which to fence in the greatest republic of the ages. We, in our blind admiration of the actor, of the limelight, fail to glance just back of the "man of the hour," to look at the mother of a Washington, Lincoln, a Roosevelt, a Wilson and thousands just like them who conceive them in the name of the great Man maker and army leader and continent lifter.

Again, I ask, have you ever thought of Christ's interest in this world, and His close association with the men who are developing it? Is it not high time we were considering Him, who hath said, "I will not give my glory unto another?"

I pass by reiterating that the ability to do high

thinking, high talking, high building; the ability to discover, to combine, to expand to know more than others, to own more than we owe to make more than we consume to live above the common beasts, are the direct gifts of Christ.

GOD SITTING BY HIS DEAD.

Over against His dead,
God sat in silence; for the earth was dead,
And dimly lay upon her awful bier,
Wrapt round in darkness; yea, her shroud was
wrought

Of clouds and thunders: for the earth had died—
Not gently and at peace, as tired men die
Toward evening; but as one who dies
Full of great strength, by sudden smiting down.
The earth was dead, and laid upon her bier,
And God, sole mourner, watched her day and
night—

The living God a watcher by the dead,
Sole mourner in the universe for her
Who had been once so fair.
Sole mourner, for in the dark outer room
The devils danced and sang for dreary joy,
Because God's so beloved earth was dead,
And must be shortly buried out of sight
To perish.

Still—over against His dead
God sat in silence.

But, behold! There came
One, treading softly to the house of death,

Down from among the angels, through the room.
He came, as comes a king, unto the place
Where lay the dead; and He laid His right hand
Of strength on her, and called her tenderly—
Saying, 'Arise, beloved, from thy sleep,
For I will ransom thee, by death to life;
Arise and live!"
And He did raise her up
By his right hand, presenting her to God—
All glorious, as one who hath been dead
But hath found life and immortality,
And God, the mighty God, did there rejoice,
And rest in His great love; for this His own earth
Which had been dead, was living in His sight.
Therefore He crowned, with many crowns, His
head
Who had prevailed to ransom her from death;
And also, laying joy upon her head
For everlasting, He hath made her bride
Of Christ, the King.

CHRIST AND TOIL.

God said to Adam and Eve, In the sweat of thy face shalt thou live. God cursed the ground for Adam's sake. Then the curse which fell upon the ground was a blessing, falling upon Adam and his posterity.

Think of what a humanizer, what a unifier the relations of employer and employee hold. What would become of us if we were not dependent upon each other? The kindredness of interdepend-

ence is thicker than blood. The doctor holds science and the sick man has the money which the doctor wants and must have. They swap. The wash woman has strength of arm, the tub and scrub board, while her neighbor has neither but must have clean clothes. She has the worth of a day at the tub, the price of which the wash woman must have to feed her open mouths.

The axeman has muscle, an axe and the art of using it, but the man with the wood to be cut, or the land to be cleared, has none of this, but he has the pay for it all. Thus, throughout the endless labyrinths of toil, men and women must have each other and each holds that which she or he can spare and which a neighbor must have or die.

When Jesus appeared, it was not as a banker, but as a yoke maker. He was a son of toil. Why? First, it was one of His primal laws which He came to fulfill. Second, He wanted to endorse the habit of life which holds the largest measure of the blessings of independence and physical and moral good. Third, He wanted to get into deep sympathy with all and especially the masses and in a paramount sense those who are disheartened by its too heavy grind.

Christ has so related us, each to the other, and so distributed the soil, air and sunshine and the climates that there need be no paupers and certainly none need starve. The happiest men and women are those who find it necessary to toil for a living and who find delight in it, and above all,

who have the presence and comfort of Him who has so hallowed manual labor.

CHRIST UNDER THE WORLD—OLD PETER.

Don't forget my text, and don't forget that I address it to you, personally. Many years ago, when in Ocala, with my friend, M. B. Williams, who was associated with me at the time, I was preaching one night, when a little sawed-off man, out front, kept up a muttering—so much so, that a watchful policeman came cautiously forward, and laid a compelling hand on him, and began a forcible extraction of the old man's presence from the tent. Seeing this, I asked that the disturber be let alone, when the officer spake out and said, "Sir, this is old Peter," by which he seemed to think that I should know that he was overdue in the calaboose. I said, "Well, turn him loose please, as it is my meeting and he is not creating much disturbance." Being released, he returned to his seat but was angry, and gave suppressed signs of it all the way through the service, after which he came forward, and cursed me, or at me, and wanted to raise a difficulty with me for trying to run him out of the meeting. I playfully said, "Uncle Peter, you have the wrong hog by the ear. I am your friend, and the one who kept the officer from taking you to prison." "Oh," said the old man, and started out to find and whip the policeman for interfering with his church rights. Later, finding another officer on the streets, and learning a little more about the

unique old man, I said, "Tell him that he had better hunt me up and make friends, or I may arrest him for disturbing the worship." He delivered the message, and in such a forceful way as to send the old gentleman round in short order. After some talk I said, "Well, I will drop it if you will promise to come to the tent services each morning at ten, and each night, sit up close and not touch anything intoxicating through the entire meeting. That was a bitter pill for the poor old dipsomaniac, but he promised. He soon became interested, and soon became a regular visitor at the penitent form. One morning he did not come forward for prayer, but approached me for his usual handshake, at the conclusion. I said, "Uncle Peter, you did not come up for prayer; why not?" Looking into his face a little more closely, I said, "O, tell me about it." Something had happened and he was ready to tell it.

He said, "Mr. Culpepper, I once spoke seven different languages as fluently as you do your mother tongue. I was born a rich boy, and raised as such, and my father took great pride in my education. I formed the drink habit and caused him much sorrow before he died. After this sad event, I squandered all of the fortune, and my precious mother died soon from neglect and of a broken heart. I was then engaged to a girl of spotless fame, and of means. She made the mistake of marrying me, only to be neglected and abused, until, crushed, she too died, leaving me

with twin girls a few months old. I buried them, almost in the same grave, and plunged deeper into sin and ruin. I have traveled all over the world; I always took up in the barroom and squandered my substance in riotous living. I have given my coat, my shoes, for a drink of liquor, they a gift of charity to me."

Pausing, he said, "On my way home last night—" stopping again, he said, "You don't know where I live?" "No, Uncle Peter—where?" "In Dr. Hartridge's horse stable." This I verified later. Continuing, he said, "On my way home, I dwelt in deep sorrow upon what I was, what I might have been, and what I am now. I let down a bar, went in, replaced the bar, and turned round and saw that the only friend I have, had retired. I think, Mr. Culpepper, that that old gray horse does feel for me, sometimes. Looking at him there, and much preferring to be him to myself, I fell down by his side, leaned my aching head against his ribs and burst into the tears of unutterable despair, until, all at once it did seem to me that Jesus slipped his hand under me and lifted me upon His palm, and turned me so that I saw His precious face, and with a look of the deepest pity, said, 'Peter, stop crying and look at, and listen to me.' I did. He said, 'Peter, I know you have no earthly friend, who can or does deeply sympathize with you; I know you have had a great fall, and no home but this, which you have usurped, but Peter, I am sorry for you, and I sym-

pathize with you, and Peter, I know how you feel for I began life right where I meet you tonight, and I began it here because I knew many like you would fall out of a nice bed, out of a tender conscience, and away from a good home, and the teachings of mother and church, and would take up down here. I started life here, Peter, so as to be under you and catch you, and now, if you will have it, you simply fell into my arms.' ”

I looked with amazement into his bright, briny eyes, and following an impulse, I threw my arms about him, and said, “God bless you for letting me know just why my Lord was born in a horse lot.”

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A home in heaven! What a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below, to his home in heaven.
A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.
A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead:
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.
A home in heaven! When the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
Our home in heaven! Oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says
"Come!"

Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

CHRIST, UNDER THE WORLD.

What do you think of Christ—in the Cradle?

Why was He a little baby, in swaddling bands,
and with sweet little baby hands and pink feet?
Why was He not made a grown up man, as was
the first Adam? This is no idle question.

As there lies deeply hidden in the seed and in
the blossom of the apple, the future apple, and
even the future tree, upon which the fruit will
grow—as the microscope reveals the trunk, leaves
and limbs of the oak, with whose making it bears
a commission—so the child lies folding, within its
little mysterious self, the coming man or woman.
The science of sireship and conception carry in
their mysterious depths the full grown man and
nation. Adult life is but the unfolding of an en-
sired life, in miniature. Am I plain?

Had Christ begun with the man He would have begun too late. Had He begun with the adult He would have taken hold where He would have been forced to annul His own laws, which had faithfully delivered the trust committed. Had Jesus taken hold on humanity, at adult age, He must have first condemned and repealed His own laws of growth, unfolding and consistency.

WAILING RACHELS.

Had Jesus never been a babe, then the mother who buries her babe would have said, "I will never see my darling again, for my Lord did not stoop low enough to get under my empty cradle."

Think of it! One-third of the race gone before two years old, and half before reaching the age of five, and no one to adequately reach back and feel for it, and be touched with all the infirmities of childhood, and know its sorrows, which are as real as mine or yours.

Had Jesus begun redemption with the grown up folks, He could not have so owned the youth, as to speak with authority concerning them. He could not have proved His love of them, and His deep interest in them, and He could not have won the mother in any better way than to have been a baby. Had Jesus died without traversing all the mysteries and needs of the child life, since He could have owned only what He shed His blood for, and since He purchased only that which He had been, and since He originally made man, in its entirety. He could do no less than die for

childhood. He otherwise would have been a partial, and indeed a small Savior. Since Jesus included infancy in His wide sweeping plans for the race, and His every redemptive act, He thus buys back, and houses beyond the reach of the devil, nearly two-thirds of the race, without old Satan's getting one shot at them.

EXCEPT YE BECOME.

How Christ did love the babies! What a heaven, baby heaven must be! What vast armies of angels it must take to care for these little darlings that await us over there! Jesus, by precept and example, has redeemed childhood, specially. Look at the child world since He took them up in His arms and blessed them! Look at how they have led whole households and communities to holier living, since He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as a little child."

OUR BEST CONTRIBUTIONS.

God does ask us, sometimes, for those things which cost us the most to give. But He has given us that which was most precious to Him. I remember when our sweet little boy of thirteen months died, so suddenly that we could not realize it at first. It was at night, and wife and I were awake the remainder, and saw the chilly streaks of that sad dawn and watched the shadows fade from nature, but settled in thicker gloom about our hearts for we knew that was to be our last earthly day with our beautiful baby.

I tried to welcome the sympathetic neighbors, and tried to comfort wife, and talked to the other children about our baby in heaven, and his brothers and sisters seemed to receive real satisfaction as I tried to "justify the ways of God to men," to their little wondering minds. But my heart did ache, and after explaining it all over and over again to the four little ones, and after giving the all broke up mother all the comfort possible, I would walk away and long for someone to say it to me, and give me the solace which I was trying to distribute about my befogged pathway. O I tried to be brave all day, and when we buried him away that afternoon, on a high hill in Talbotton, Ga., while neighbors said nice and kind things, I tried to be sincere, and yet I was constantly stooping down and trying to pierce the thick gloom of that little vault.

After we went through the motion of supper, glancing, in spite of ourselves, at the space between wife and myself, made by the kind hand which had slipped the chair out of sight, where he had sat and laughed and radiated heaven. Wife and the exhausted children soon sought solace in sleep. I, man like, was wide awake. And after a little while I left and made my way across town, to the cemetery, I found my little possession. Could it be that I had allowed them to put our baby down in that cold ground? Too true! The moon, so cold and unsympathetic, was looking down through the fronded palms of the water

oak. The breezes moved the shadows, and lunar sheens. This was the only semblance of life which I beheld. I wanted to open that grave and get my little one out. Were you ever there, reader? Then you know that I am not describing the deep valley I found myself in, on top of that hill, as I stood over my grave with the silent, appealing dead all around me. The silence talked out at me. The shadows lifted ghostly palms and waved a thousand "We don't knows" at me, when I would enquire about it all. Life was simple and natural and according to plain laws, to me then, but oh, this new monster! What of it? Had God abdicated His throne? Had the devil triumphed, after all? Did no one know of a road which led out of this swamp! Was the play worth the candle? Is life a failure? "Who can resolve this doubt, that tears my anxious breast?"

While thus standing, it seemed to me then, and I am not so sure yet, that an angel dipped down and stood by me, and almost whispered, "A babe in heaven, is a babe forever, until after the resurrection, the first resurrection. Your little thirteen months old baby will be thirteen months old when the angels, with their long fingers, rake these ashes. That little body which you have sown in corruption will be raised in incorruption, but the clock has stopped ticking off its age and it will be a babe in that morning. Your babe. It will grow up in yours and your wife's presence, in the heaven and home of God, and all good.

Your compensation for loaning it to us will be that it will come to manhood's great estate without a temptation or a sin. The nearest approach to what the entire world of men and women would have been, but for the great fall, will be these darlings which you feared were gone from you forever

"The largest and prettiest part of heaven is baby heaven. Then, it furnishes us angels with such delightful employment. How we do delight in this sweet service! Don't begrudge it to us, please. A babe has never cried in heaven. We can anticipate their wants and needs. Your great redeemer, our king, did His most glorious work in the realm of babyhood. Here He was most careful. Here He was sweetest, divinest and enshrined Himself in most lovely form. All heaven adores Him, but it is and was as a babe, and then a child, that He was most lovely, and most regal, and it is in His victories won for childhood, that He is most joyous.

"When once you have seen how this, the largest, sweetest, most populated, most sought out by all intelligences who visit us from their abodes—when you see how much of personal attention Jesus Himself gives to baby heaven—when you see how it peripheries upon the very throne of love and light; O, when you have seen, you will know! O, wait 'Till the mists have rolled away,' and when we bring your babe to you, you will be glad with all the gladness of an eternal morning.

When you bring the others in—
Storm tost, and billows driven,
You shall have your little boy—
A whole family in heaven."

That angel dried up my tears and quieted the surging billows of unrest and doubt or fear in my soul. I walked, "with a conqueror's tread" back home. When I stood and looked down on my wife, in troubled slumber, and looked upon my little fellows on the little bed hard by, I then looked up to God and said, Thank you. I don't know what all that meant, but He had comforted me.

SHORT GRAVES, FROM EMPTY CRADLES.

They are not the worst heritage of the fall. If you have invested your babe in heaven you have one rich and sure harvest ahead. Among the many things of inexpressible and almost unbearable joy, I look forward to the time when the mothers and the babies shall meet. I want to see the babies themselves. I want to see the mothers thank the angels when they see how well they have done their work. I want to see Jesus looking on. I want to see our Father, who has planned it all. I want to see the intelligences from the other worlds. They must all be there if I have to run over and invite them myself. Everybody must see that. O, I want to see all of that. I had rather see it than to look on my own crown. I had rather see that than any of the large picture galleries in that wonderful picture

world. I had rather see that than the beautiful angels themselves.

Goodbye, our precious babies. Since Jesus got under your cradle He will take care of you and all your little wants and your little playthings, till we come.

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE CHILDREN.

Deal gently with the children,
But a few short years your own ;
The home nest soon is empty,
And the little birds have flown ;
And when, no more returning,
They leave that home behind,
The thought will cheer your loneliness
That you were good and kind.

Deal gently with the children
Who gather round your knee,
Check not in sudden anger
Their merriment and glee ;
The play that is so noisy,
So wearisome today,
Will seem like sweetest music then

When they have flown away.
Deal gently with the children,
Fast changing every hour ;
Still strive to make them happy,
While yet within your power ;
Each smile, each word of kindness,
Each joy to childhood given,

Is like a step upon a stair,
That lifts us up to heaven.

Deal gently with the children
You too, were once a child.
Remember you were happy
When those around you smiled;
And, oh, remember always,
Whatever else you do,
To live as you would have them live,
For they will be like you.

CHRIST UNDER THE WORLD.

Have you ever thought of Christ, getting under the Under World? Have you ever considered Him as He sat at meat with Simon and the Publican? Have you considered Him, tenderly leading back to hope Mary Magdalena? Can you visualize Him as He looks with compassion on the woman who had been dragged before Him?

We can almost understand how He could become a baby, and lead and love the race from the bottom. But He went below the bottom. You recall the Moabites. You remember that that man, who in retreat, if he prayed for the inhabitants of Sodom, where he had lived, and made home and money, and married off his daughters—if he prayed for the city it is not recorded. He was so scared that he did not stop at the death of his wife, but he did pray. He asked God to spare one little town and let him run into it. All of this

showed, in the light of former events, that he was a very small man.

Well, the Moabites came from him, and that incestuous night there in Zoar. These same people later wrecked the Jews for which the Jews cordially hated them. They did not think that a Moabite should or could be saved. On all occasions the Jews fell upon them and left them half dead, until a good Samaritan passed that way. That Samaritan was our

CHRIST, UNDER MOAB.

Look at Him as He comes to the place where the race lies, prostrate, in hopelessness and helplessness. Watch Him as He reaches out and takes the gentle Ruth, the Moabitish girl, by the hand and draws her into the ancestral line, and looks every proud Jew in the face, and says, Hands off, Tongues, a-hush, I have the blood of the Moabites in my veins. If you take me, you must take my kin, and fellowship them. I am blood kin to these vile people.

We are often so proud of ourselves, and our ancestors. Perhaps it is not all wrong, but two of Jesus' ancestresses were heathen women and two were of shady character. Did you ever stop to ask why? He is bent on going down as low as the race has gone, that he might redeem all.

Let me preach again, by incident. When living in Macon, Ga., as a pastor, many years ago now, there lived near me an intellectual man who was connected with one of the city papers. He was

what was known as a preacher hater, and was a rather hard man to handle in an argument, and was a persistent infidel. Having but recently gone to South Macon, I told his wife one day that I would call on them soon. She hesitated and then said, "Please do not, for my husband hates all ministers, and would make it unpleasant for you."

A few weeks after this, she made a hurried visit to the parsonage and said that her husband was ill, and had sent for me. On going over, I found him dangerously sick, and alive to his deplorable state of soul.

ENSWIRLED BY TRAGEDIES.

He said, in words, "Mr. Culpepper, I am what you would call an infidel. I do not accept the orthodox teachings concerning the divinity of Christ. But, sir, I am dying, so my physicians say, and I am not ready I am not ready for any sort of a death, or any sort of a hereafter, or any sort of a meeting with Deity My life has been spent in wickedness and I am unprepared to die and unfit to live. I guess I am open to conviction, and have sent for you to hear you talk, and see if you could help me in any way "

I was much younger than now, but at any time in my life I would have shrunk from the task before me. So, I returned home, secured such books as I had and sat by his bed and read and expounded to him for a half day. I then said, "Now, Colonel, let us pray." "Oh," said he, "that won't

do any good. I don't believe in Christ, and it will be mockery or foolishness." "Well," said I, "Colonel, you go to God direct, and I will attempt to reach Him by way of the cross, and we will see if we can meet up there at a throne of grace."

A YAWNING CHASM.

Did you ever imagine yourself trying to lift a large mountain? Did you ever see yourself, in imagination, raising the dead? Then imagine my feelings as I helped that brainy but sick and dying man to a kneeling posture, and then got down to try to intercede for him. I don't know if he tried to pray. After some time, I helped him back to the edge of the bed, where he sat for some time in deep meditation, when he looked at me from those deep black eyes, and pinching up his forehead, as if in deep and painful thought—said, "Culpepper, there is an impassable chasm lying between me and God. I am flesh and He is spirit; I am crooked and He is straight; I am vile and He is pure; I am here and He is yonder. I can't pray myself, or believe myself, or think myself, or imagine myself on the same side with Him in anything."

The Lord helping me, I caught at that and said, "Do you really see that chasm?" He said, "I certainly do, sir." "Then," said I, "whatever it takes to bridge that, sir, is what we Christians call Christ. Call Him bridge, span, boat—anything that gets you across to God."

THE CROSS KEY.

Praying for this poor, hungry, needy soul, I said, "Colonel, listen and look at me. Christ is human, perfectly human, and as such He sympathizes with us. He is touched with our infirmities and weariness. But He is divine and as such He is in sympathy with God and law. That chasm you see is a real one, but Christ, as man, has spanned it to the middle of the stream and you can go on it half way across. But Christ, as God, has built from the divine side to the middle of that chasm. The cross on which He died is the arch key, which ties or connects, all the work from heaven's side. Do you follow me?" He was trying.

"There was no way for God to come to us, in mercy until Jesus built an acceptable way to mid-stream. There was no way for us to go to God until Christ built from our side to mid-stream. But this He did. His Cross is the uniting span. He erected it there in God's name and on our behalf climbed on it and from this, the highest observatory in God's universe, He viewed God from man; He viewed man from God. He looked at a lost heaven from a sinning world and then looked at a sinking world from heaven, and the angels and a wronged and outraged God. He, there on that Cross-observatory, beheld the devil and all His enemies, sin and its innumerable and inexhaustible and ever widening tragedies—an equatorial volcano of doom, reaching around the uni-

verse and belting eternity. There, sir, this divine man, this human divinity, courted, challenged, demanded, received into His own bosom every indictment formulated and to be formulated by the devil, God, man, accident or circumstance—He received into His own nature, into His own heart every sorrow and woe intended for man.

HE WON OUT.

“As God and the angels looked on at this daring undertaking, the angels tried to comprehend, while the Father said, this is my beloved Son. Hanging there, he dictated terms of reconciliation, which were perfectly acceptable to all heaven and the universe beside. He then turned, as Mediator, as Intercessor, and dictated terms to the other party—the offenders. These rebels, you and I, Colonel, are haggling over the terms to this hour. This is your trouble, now. I pray you be reconciled to God. Christ says to you today, ‘Offender against God and law—only be sorry enough for sin, to quit and trust me, the bridge builder, the chasm spanner, and let me lead you to that middle arch, and I promise that my Father shall be there to welcome you and call you son.’”

Sitting there he pinched up his brow with his fingers, looking upon the floor, and after a minute he turned upon me a look of astonishment and said, “I believe I begin to evolve out of my necessities a Christ.” He again looked upon the floor, then sought my face, and said, “Sir, I do

evolve out of my necessities a Christ. I never saw it before, never thought of it before, but it looks so reasonable, now." He soon said, "If no one else needs such a span, such a Savior, I do and I believe it—oh believe He did it." I said, "Then let us pray." I helped him down again and asked him to lead the prayer. I wish I could repeat it here, as he uttered those words of manly penitent, and expressed so well his deep regret for a misspent life, and then in marvelous simplicity and humility accepted the pardon of which he felt so sure and so unworthy.

I helped him back to his bed. There was that unmistakable light of reconciliation—of peace, which only one character does or ever can experience. Six weeks afterwards, I administered the sacrament to him with his family, and then sat and talked to him until the boatman gently pushed out from shore. The last word I ever heard him say was about the new Jerusalem.

His exile ended: even so will ours,

And hope renewed the sinking soul refresh;—
And we shall see beyond the walls and towers

That shut out heaven from the living flesh!
So, let us in our exile not forget

A crown more bright than Judah's diadem;
To keep through all our hope untarnished still
And open our windows toward Jerusalem!

Am I making out my case? Am I helping you
to see that Jesus came to save all, or make the
way passable back to God and back home?

THE WOMAN WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS
NOT INCLUDED.

Let me give you one other proof, by illustration, of my contention, that Christ so manifestly got under the whole race, that he that runneth may read.

A number of years ago, when in a meeting out West, where my sons and I remained a month, this remarkable case came directly under my eye. We had a great tabernacle and after the preaching service, we would ask two classes to remain, viz., those who wanted to help some one, and those who felt the need of help. Sometimes, as most of you have seen, on similar occasions, a few hundreds would remain. Quite near the front each night I noticed a young woman about twenty-five years of age, beautiful, with a strong, womanly, inquiring, but hard face. I noticed that the workers rarely tarried to say more than a word or two before passing on. Once I spoke to her but I felt that she had rather be left alone, and so passed. But she kept coming to the services and always remained to the inquiry meeting. One night I spoke to her, and she said, in few words, that she did not consider herself included in anything which we were doing, or that God had done—that if there were a God and a Savior, they had never thought of her. I asked her if she would be religious if she could. She said she would be willing to crawl around the world to feel counted in, and be what all those

around her seemed to be and realize. I asked her to kneel with me in prayer. We were right at the front, but I asked her to pray as I thought the singing would keep her from being embarrassed. She declined, saying, "Oh, that won't do any good, sir." I said, "Well, it won't do any harm and you said you would be willing to do anything you could. As you have never done anything, suppose you do that much." She did pray, but while it was a well-connected prayer, it was solid ice. I regretted having made the request. I left her and from a shadow, later, I looked in wonder at her hard face, and then gave her up, saying she is not for me to help, she outclasses me some way. But days grew into weeks and she was always there, and always remained to the last—always at the front, and never affected, apparently, by anything said or done. One night, growing tired of seeing her in that deplorable fix, I asked her to sit apart with me. Then I said, "You keep coming and I want you to tell me about yourself." She said, "I can't do it." I asked if she could not or would not. She said, "Well, I will not." Whereupon I said, 'See here, my father was a doctor and I read medicine some myself, and I have been everywhere and seen and heard everything, and I insist that you tell me about yourself.'

A HARROWING CONFESSION.

She said, after a painful waiting, "Mr. Culpepper, I was born in a scarlet house in Meridian, Miss. I found it out at school, at the age of sev-

en, through the taunts of girls of my class. I only knew that it was a horrible stigma—an unerasable blot, and that whatever it was, it doomed me to the life of an outcast. All my girlish pride and plans fell tumbling about me, and without any fixed purpose I left the school building and spent the whole afternoon running from home and all I had held dear. I slept in an outhouse and began running early the next morning and kept it up until noon, when I begged some dinner, and ran on through the remainder of the day, taking up at a farm house where there chanced to live a very dear old couple. They were kind to me and asked me to stay with them and I did. I went to the cow pen, and the cotton patch, and helped about the meals. They taught me at night and later sent me to school, and I learned rapidly, but, sir, I have held my dresses close to my person, lest they might contaminate a pure girl, and I have cried all night because I was nothing, came from nowhere, and could be nobody. One day the man who should have been my lawful father and my mother's legal husband, from what he said to me, came and proposed to marry me—oh, I mean drag me to a direr hell. I fled from him by night and never returned for the clothing those good old people had given me. I rambled along the Mississippi highways, and after days, found another nice home where I readily made friends, and was in school again when the same man found me. I got away and took up in Jackson,

Tenn. I went to school or college, to Dr. Howard Key, and was in three weeks of graduation when, sitting in my upper room, preparing my graduation papers, I chanced to see him walking along a cross street. I left the city that same night, getting my clothing off with me, and came to this town, and found a maid-of-all-work place out about a mile from here. There were several young ladies in the home and the young railroad men would visit them every Sunday. I would bring in fruits and water and otherwise serve. After several months, one of the conductors called for me. With reluctance, I finally consented to sit with him. He visited me regularly for four or five months, then one afternoon he blurted out that he loved me, and had come over to ask me to be his wife. You asked me to tell you, and I am doing so, and for the first time. What he said swept me off my feet, for I had not dreamed of it. I found myself standing before him, saying, 'No, I will not marry you. I am not worthy of you, sir. Go and find some sweet, honorable girl and marry her, and let her make you the happy man you are entitled to be.' I then told who and what I was, hard as it was to do.

LOVE BY MISTAKE.

"I told him that I never had a father, that I never had a brother or sister, that I never knew the tender love of a mother, and that he was the only one who had ever tangled my name up with the word love; that while it was a mistake, which

he no doubt saw, that I was glad of it, and that I would cherish the moment in which I listened to him say it, as the nearest approach to happiness I had ever had. No, I repeated, I cannot, I will not marry you. Good afternoon. I then turned and walked out of the room, leaving him staring after me in amazement. I did not see him for months, or even hear from him, when he returned and called for me. I at first declined to go, but was over persuaded. He renewed the matter of our last conversation at once and told me that he had done what I said—tried to find some other girl, but had failed, and had returned to tell me that he not only loved me, but admired me, and honored me and could not be happy without me, and had come to get an answer. I told him, "Then, sir, I will leap to be your wife, and try to make you the best wife a man ever had."

FOUR MONTHS OF HEAVEN ON EARTH.

"We married, and for four months, if a woman was ever in heaven, I was. I began to relent and repent. I took back hard thoughts which I had stored up against the world and everything. I even said there is a Savior, and He did include me, and I felt my heart growing soft and warm, when a telegram came saying that my husband had been suddenly killed in a midnight wreck. With that news the world turned as black as pitch, and not one flickering taper has blazed in my sky." Glancing back to a little carriage which had been in the aisle each night, she said, "Sir,

that is my baby, there in that carriage—come of course since the death of his father. Now, sir, what can I tell him? What can I raise him for and to? If there is a God I wish to Him we were both dead.”

My poor soul was harrowed with her inconsolable grief and her strange, strong resentment, and I cried to God for ability to aid her. I will ask you if you don't think I was divinely guided. Shutting the little finger of my left hand down close in my palm, and placing my thumb on it—spraddled the other three, and asked her to look at them and to listen to me. She did.

I said, “Sister, I will call my middle finger the line of holy matrimony. I was born there, as was my wife and my mother. You were born outside the pale of holy wedlock, away below it. I don't know how you feel, and I can't intelligently sympathize with you, and my wife or mother could not, if they were here. The eyes that have burned like fire into your soul, did not fall on me or mine. The cold shoulders which have butted you off every social bridge never touched me or mine.

ONLY JESUS COULD.

“But, sister, Jesus was born outside the pale of holy wedlock—just as high above as you were below. All that has been said or done to you has been said and done to Him. He knows how you feel and He allowed Himself thus enfleshed that He might get under your case and feel for you

and get your faith and love and might save you. I here and now turn you over to Him as all sufficient in your case."

She orb'd her large, intelligent eyes upon me and exclaimed, "Mr. Culpepper, don't you trifle with an unfortunate woman in an hour like this. Do you believe He can sympathize with me?" I said, "I not only believe He can but I know He does." As if to make sure of my sincerity, she gazed upon me what seemed to be a minute and then turned and slid off the seat, buried her face in her hands and burst into violent weeping. I said to myself thank God she can cry; she has been the dryest eyed thing I ever saw. After a season she arose and asked if I could come to her home the next day.

The next morning, in company with a young married minister, I went to her home. After a little talk we knelt in prayer, when the other minister prayed and I prayed and then called on her. It is this prayer which, above all, I wish I could place before you as she uttered it. With a woman's simplicity, a woman's faith, a woman's contrition, a woman's directness, a woman's perseverance, a woman's humility, she climbed, rung by rung, the ladder which has been hallowed by the pressure of millions of feet and knees, up she toiled, as if utterly unconscious of any presence but that of herself and the great God whom she was so conscious of having sinned deeply against, but in whom she had hope, increasing with each

new round of that ladder, which she was now bent on over-topping.

I was caught and held by her words, her struggle, her faith, as if in the grip of some impelling magnet. I was kneeling there with my face buried in my hands, and my hands on the floor—when there was a little pause in her tragic importunity—and I heard her light foot-steps. I touched my friend and we arose.

She walked over to where lay a sweet, dimpled, ruddy baby boy, whom she took in her arms and walked back to where I was sitting, admiring the lovely little fellow as she approached. She waved him before me and then said, "O, Sir, I don't want to die now." I looked from the face of the babe to hers and behold! the woman's entire face was so aurealed that I would hardly have known her. She repeated, "No, I don't want to die now, but live to rear him in the knowledge and love of Him who has so sweetly saved me."

UNDER THE WORLD.

I touched my friend, said good morning to this thrice born woman, and walked out. Once on the sidewalk, I turned and shook my brother and said, "Our Christ did it, didn't He? He got under the lowest and vilest and most discouraged and most abandoned."

Again I ask, have you ever thought much about Christ as God's proposal of reconciliation and restoration, through Him, and of man's real betterment by the fall, through Him? Have you

ever thought there where sin did abound, grace did and does much more abound.

CHRIST AND CUFFIE.

Just why the negro is dubbed Cuffie I don't know, unless it is because he has been cuffed about, as we use the term. In his savage state he is down-trodden by his own race or races. All foreigners have exploited him, lassoed him, shipped him, enslaved him. From the days of Noah, a curse of servitude has been on him, and every man's hand has been against him, while his hand has been for every man. His gratitude may be small, or short lived, but his conceit and malice still shorter lived. His superstition may be rank, but his faith is simple and he is religious. He may not present the highest hope of national self-government, but he is very imitative, and only needs a good copy.

CHRIST, CUFFIE, THE CROSS.

If you can endure the sight I ask you to look at all hell, out on the sidewalks, and in the streets, and on the fences, and in the upper windows, and in the trees, while man who knew no sin, and in whom was no guile, was under sentence of death—my death, your death, the whole world's death, and His own death—(and glory to God, the ultimate death of sin)—was struggling on and up towards Golgotha. He fainted, He rallied, for, mark you, He had come a long ways. He started for this four thousand years back. He had climbed the dispensations, He had threaded the mazes

of a thousand generations of ignorance and crime and sin, but through all of this, and a million flamed holocaust, He had but once even seemed to hesitate. Through the vague enunciations of prophets, the shimmering lights, from types; the misreading of the flowing blood of millions of bullocks and birds—through all the dense forests of ignorance which lay from peasant to priest; through all the deadness of heathenism, and all the selfishness and bigotry of His own people, He had steadfastly set His face to go up to Jerusalem, and up this identical hill.

BUT HE FAINTED.

He was too vile for any Jew to assist and for any Roman to condescend to. So they laid help on a poor Ethiopian who chanced to be near. He got under one end, and Christ under the other, and meekly they walked to our redemption.

Oh, my brother in black, you were in the right place for once. Oh, my brother of the down-trodden race, you will hear from this again. Ah, me, I reckon that when the Israelites, the Europeans, the great nations, and the pedigreed families, and the entitled, and chronicled individuals, with all lesser celebrities, are about the judgment seat of Christ, and the just man needs defending, I expect to see the negro walk up, maybe with his old cap under his arm, and make his apologetic bow, and say, in words, "Boss, guess you haint fergot me. Please sir, I'se de cullud pusson what helped

yer wid yer cross dat morning in Jerusalem, when dey wuz gwinter kill you. Please Sir, Boss, ef you have anything leff, after blessin all dese here nice white folks, please, sir, me an' my people would be mighty grateful fur anything you can do fur us, ef you please, Boss."

If humility counts, if quiet submission counts, if taking what is left, with humble thanks, counts—if faith counts, if songs and shouts, service, on short rations counts, then all heaven will rise and stand with heads bare while Christ rises, for the first time in all the ceremonies of welcome, and receives this representative of the most mysterious of all the races of earth, and says, "Welcome, brother. You wore the mark of black and of unrequited servitude long. I take it off now and put in its place that of *Par Excellence*, in temple or church building—in family altars, and in heart melodies, and in service to other peoples." Here may follow a recital of the service this race has rendered other nations, in mine, in nursery, in kitchen, on farm, in sick room—from the day in which Ham received his future and distinctive mark, down to when Philip sent the gospel over into the south country, by his hand, on down to the last negro girl who rolled a baby carriage, which held the baby in white but which she loved, and helped to bring to greatness. Well, let the first be last, and the last first, if my Savior says it.

CHRIST THE TRAMP.

Am I holding your attention? Am I helping

you? Am I magnifying our Redeemer in your eyes?

I am still trying to show you that Christ got under the race. Have you ever thought of Christ and the tramp? Maybe you have not thought of the tramp much. His name is legion. Millions of them are drunkards; millions of them are peniless; millions of them are venturesome boys and girls leaving home without reason or thought, and are now on the highways and in the byways of earth, and in the dog paths, and pig trails, and in the trackless jungles, away from home, friends, hope, and many of them will lie down this night as they did last night and will contemplate dark crimes, from petty theft to murder and suicide. See them as they lie there covered only with God's stars and their shameful past and hopeless future!

Behold Jesus now. His eyes are upon them, and in their waking thoughts or dire dreams He whispers, "Listen, I am your friend; I know how you feel; once upon a time for your sake I chose a life in which the birds of the air had nests, and the foxes had holes, while I had no place to lay my head. I was getting under your bed, made such by wrong and sin, but none the softer by that. I love you, I sympathize with you, I have prayed for you. Don't go any further on this road, retrace your steps, for I will help you. Your redemption is at hand if you will."

Lift up, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let every tramp from every land, from every generation, from every broken home—let them in if they will come. Admit them with the noise of many waters, and the peals of all the keys of all the organs, of all the choirs, of all the orchestras, of all the worlds, of the whole creation, who have uttered a glad amen to my success at getting under the race of fallen men. Oh, and I'll be there, and you'll be there.

I expect there'll be some shouting when the mother, the wife, the Christ, welcomes the prodigal tramp in.

All hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join that everlasting song,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

CHRIST, THE PATIENT AND PERSISTENT
INTERCESSOR.

Again, I ask you to think of Him. In Psalm 78 you will read these words, "For all this, they sinned still." Whether we view it through dispensations, or nations, or epochs, or individuals, the fact of sin and the fact of Christ's patience with the sinner and His efforts to save him stand together.

Before I dismiss you to your thoughts and to your eternal destiny, and to your optional disposition of this hour, I want to ask you to go with me while we track the public life and ministry of Christ, from infancy and boyhood, up to the garden, where He was overwhelmed by the stupendousness of His undertaking, and for once asked the Father to reopen the question, and see if there was no other way, then asked His Father to glorify Himself.

I want you to view Him one more time with me, as He goes beyond all precedent, and as I said awhile ago, climbed up upon the observatory of the cross, and upon its most dizzy peak, and surveyed a universe in its pretarnished and placid state, then sin swept. He there put a soul in one

end of the balance, and the whole world in the other, and weighed.

He put in the scales, the bill of indictment, against moral obliquity, made blank by the pall of death, sounding the gong of eternal woe in man's soul, at midnight's long hour.

Hanging there He drew, for the first time, and the only time, the only accurate picture of sin, and the one and only full size picture of a man dying without God and hope. In that undreamed of, that sun darkening, that earth rocking, that unprecedented cry—to know why God had deserted Him, while receiving into His own bosom all these indictments against man in that hour He fathomed the ravages of sin; in its diabolical despoilation of each individual through every home, and through all the generations and to the end of that which has no end. From those upper vaults of impenetrable darkness—unveneered by ether, on which light travels; in those upper and dimly distant caverns, unfanned by the far too feeble wing of angel, and unpierced by aught except the echoless croak of the raven of despair, calling to her shapeless and ill-orgred mate, whose unanswered call holds a specific gravity, sufficient to blanch the cheek of the intrepid leader of those God-led hosts which routed old Apolyon some four thousand years before.

I say, behold Christ out there where no sound can penetrate, unless it be the sizzle of javelins, aimlessly hurled by the monstrous deformities of

rebellion, who alone can inhabit these regions of outer darkness, better known as No Man's Land.

I say, Christ went out there, up there, down there, and in a solitude, so deep, so dense, so dire, that angel ministry fell back aghast, and the countenance of Jehovah was invisible and seemed not to hear that cry which was the incarnated, the compressed, the added up, the multiplied cry, the substitutional cry of all ages, and of all earth—"WHY?" It was out here that Jesus went, alone, and listened to every canon boom of all the wars, caused, all of them, by sin. He stood out there and saw the unsheathing, and then the rescabbing of every sword; He saw the beating, bleeding, bursting, and then the mending of every sin-stricken heart. Out here, alone, He stood and saw the start, the flow, the confluence of the tears of every individual, family, nation, and of the whole world, all because of sin. He bottled and empearled and labelled these tears, and stored for shipment. He saw the chalice of human woe brimful, and He caught it and drained it. He walked up behind the devil-appointed grave diggers of all time, and He so bottomed it and left it so shallow that it won't hurt your baby or your old mother to fall in, and they can climb out with a great soulful hallelujah.

He heard the universal and individual conscience wail—strike the alarm of midnight, in destiny and doom, and He caught it, and made it play Divine Approval, Heaven Reconciled, and

Home Sweet Home, till the angels, who just had to get into it, caught up the tambourines of heaven and pealed them in the redemptive shocks of a world, peripheried again within the Justice acknowledged zone of eternal hope.

Look at Christ! While all worlds wonder, and angels ache to help, God, in the abandon of a divine satisfaction, tears the crepe of eternal doom from the skies, and hurls it into the night shade of hell, while the vesper maidens, Faith, Hope, and Charity, light the torch of immortality and set it a-glowing in the junkpiles of earth's cemeteries, and plant a star of hope on the brow of despair.

Look at Christ as He burnishes our skies with the glory of a rising sun and in its gloriously painful brightness, calculates the worth of an immortal spirit, and in this rising light we may read what it means to reject such a Saviour.

It is little wonder that He protested, by Noon-day darkness, by Earthquake shocks, by a frightened police, by the pallor and post deserted Roman soldiers, by the stricken Pilate, by the paralyzed Sanhedrin, by the averted face of God—it is little wonder, I say, that He felt that He had reached the limit prescribed by the most exacting Justice; by the most squeamish demands of law; by all of the most fractional niceties of eternal consistency; by the interests of all intelligences; and that forever! And no wonder that He exclaimed, in climacteric apostrophe—It is finish-

ed. And no wonder that all heaven, as if from the impulse of a divine fiat, rose, and shouted back, NO! a thousand times NO!! Not until the everlasting doors of heaven are lifted from their hinges, and this looser of seven banded seals, this Lamb-Lion, this babe of the manger; this hungry, bespittled, manacled TOMB BURSTER; this alleged thief; this, our brother, this king of glory, shall be brought home, fed, crowned and worshipped! Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors! Fly wide, ye eternal gates!

“When I survey the wondrous cross
On which my Saviour died—
I’m lost in wonder, love and praise,
And pour contempt on all my pride.”

A NEW THRONE—A NEW KING—A NEW KINGDOM.

Look at Christ as He appears in heaven, after an absence of thirty-three years, and finds a throne, never before occupied, and on which none else could sit—a throne prepared by Him, ere He left for earth, or by His Father, while away, and after the pattern of a previous arrangement. It is situated at the right hand of the Majesty on high. It is at God’s right hand, it is high, it is high and lifted up, visible from any approach. On it He is absolute.

THE MIDDLE MAN.

That is what a mediator is. Christ is that.

THE GO-BETWEEN.

That is the meaning of the word intercessor

Christ is that. For the time the CREATIVE THRONE, THE ADMINISTRATIVE THRONE, are in abeyance. This middle king has won the right to dictate heaven and earth's policies, until such time as every man, women and child shall have had a chance to be saved.

This midway throne! Midway between justice and its execution. Midway between the sinners rejection of offered mercy, and its withdrawal.

This GO-Be-TWEENER!

Ah! How He has stood, and passed in between me and death—me and the consequences of my folly, and my rebellion! Oh! This new Moses, who has stood up and pleaded with justice, with fairness, with consistency, to say nothing of divine wrath and an outraged law, and a despoiled heaven. Look at Christ! He did not stop after the victories of His earthly battles, but at once entered upon the same work at headquarters, and called all heaven to prayer.

If He has won distinction, if He has won the everlasting homage of angels, a tenderer place in His father's heart, the reverence of all intelligences, He immediately looks upon all of this as so many assets in His further work for us. He seems to say if I am loved, respected, admired, though worthy of this exaltation, put it to the account of my poor strayed sheep, back where I came from.

WEIGHING AGAINST THE CROSS.

When that heathen king had his hand on the

throat of Rome, he agreed to ungrasp for large amounts of gold to be weighed in. They peeled their ears, wrists, parlors, altars, for the amount. When the scales were being balanced by the last gathered contribution the greedy king unbuckled his heavy sword, scabbard and trappings, and throwing them into the scales said, **WEIGH AGAINST THAT**. They had to go and bring enough to even up against all this weight, which had made their subserviency possible, but to which they now gladly bowed if but their lives were saved.

Look yonder at our Christ. Do you see Him, when indictments from ten thousand sources are brought against us? Justice, Patience, Right, Intelligence, Angelic Obedience, The history of other worlds, and individuals who have stood their probationary tests, and so never brought ruin, when Divine forbearance, when the Holy Spirit, grieved ten thousand times—I say, when well sustained charges are thrown in against degraded and justly condemned man—Jesus, after the last argument and prayer, throws His cross in and says, **WEIGH AGAINST THAT**. O, wonder of wonders! Man comes out ahead. Who is this new king, on this new throne, wielding the sceptre of despotic grace? Who is this who successfully stands and withstands, whether against Earth, Hell or Heaven He arrays Himself?

This is a *divine man*—this humanity lifted into the realms of the *divine*. This is exalted obedi-

ence. This is superlative sacrifice. This is GOD, SO LOVING! THIS IS THE DIVINE ATLAS.

Administrative patience gave out long before the flood, and has broken down many times since. But the patience of Christ has never wavered or flickered these two thousand years—the time of His occupancy of this new throne.

Behold our Christ! Look on our Mediator. See Him as He spreads His hands and shows His wounds, and cries, For them I died! Behold Him as He catches up every sermon and every mother's prayer and uses every argument to be gathered from ignorance, as on His cross and innocence as in suffering childhood and enforces His own Omnipotent appeals before the throne.

A SAVIOUR ON THE JUDGMENT THRONE.

Have you ever thought of Christ there? Have you ever thought that He is there because He wants to see mercy meted out to the lost, as well as justice to the saved?

Listen very carefully to me along here, while I tell you that the world was made by Christ, if indeed not everything that was made. The world was made UNDER A RECUPERATIVE LAW. Nature is wonderfully self-healing, and here she is a type of Christ, in His great scheme of redemption. Jesus is humanity, holding the divine hand, through which pours the restorative balm, until man is on his feet, and more alive than ever. This is deep water but it is clear, once you think of it, that Christ recognizes in man, the capacity

for returning to God, and in Him we do return. The world was made under an EMERGENCY ACT. It is as if the devil surprised heaven itself, and when Christ made the world He so made it that it could be redeemed—an offer never made to the fallen angels so far as we know.

The curse put upon the ground, was *expressly* FOR MAN'S SAKE. It is a part of the scheme of grace, the grace of Christ that man must toil. *The grace of labor.* Poverty and riches; sickness and health; childhood and adult life; labor and capitol; employee and employer; heredity and environment; sin and salvation—all so related as to bring out, so that he that runneth may read, God's grace in it all.

Suppose no one had to work. Suppose no one needed the products of their labor for a living. Then no one could get work done, for no one would need to work. All values, all incentive, all necessity, and thereby all the zest of life would be gone, and there would be no daily source of intercourse, by which I could know the value of my fellows, my dependence on them or my use for them. Then our daily toil is part of the grace which hath appeared to all men, teaching, etc.

THE COURT HOUSE is part of a gracious theme. In fact, the whole law is a school master to lead us to Christ.

The school room is another outcome of Christ's undertakings to get under the world and bring it back. And in no way, and at no place, is His

grace more manifest than in the training of the young, and in mercy shown to the ignorant and criminal.

Many of our Federal and other judges of civil and criminal law are actuated by motives which were born in them when they made the visit to Christ, made by that great lawyer Nicodemus.

When Judge Emory Speer, of Macon, Ga., said, "Stand up," to a young man, some thirty-five years of age, then asked if the woman by his side was his mother, he answer that she was. "I learn that your wife is at home with the care of three little children, one so recently born that you have never seen it." He answered that it was all true. "This old woman who gave you birth has been hovering about these premises for two weeks picking up a bite where she could to sustain life—all that she might influence this court in your favor. Well, she has succeeded; your sentence is five years, but I am going to suspend it and I give you your freedom for your Godly mother's sake, and I send you home to your sick, faithful wife as a Christmas present. Here is five dollars with which to buy something to put in the stockings, which the Son of God has taught your babies to hang in the corner, against His coming which will be tonight." So, by the grace of the law, the grace of Christ, the grace of a Christian judge's heart, this poor man went home.

CHRIST AND THE SICK ROOM.

Have you stopped to think how often He was

found among the sick, and how His tender ministries there established His claims to Messiahship, and how He made HUMAN COMPASSION a great law of life, and rule of conduct, against the old heathenish view that it was weakness to pity and that sickness should bring resentment and punishment?

Oh, the wisdom and the goodness of our Lord, in thus dealing with the suffering masses of children, adults and aged! How straight He went to the heart of the widow of Nain, the Syrophenician woman, and the broken hearted sisters of Bethany. He, the great physician, has taught all the doctors, and trained all the nurses, until the great science of chemistry, the great science of surgery, the great system of trained nursing, with every woman who fights filth, and every man who hunts bacteria—all, all are at work for Christ as He alleviates pain, heals mind and body, and, in my short day, has added five years to the average of human life. Just think of it!

CHRIST AT THE CROSSING.

See Him when man comes to that great and dangerous hour, when he must quit this life. He who said I will never leave thee, is there, as manifest in the care of the physician—the tender ministries of the nurse who so often is the weeping mother, or faithful wife—following minutely the advice of the sympathetic doctor, who has spent his life in studying disease and death that he

might be ready against this very hour, and if possible add to your years or if not, make your passage as painless as possible. But this is not all. Many prayers from many friends are ascending that you may live or that you may depart in great peace. The preacher is sent for, and if not, he should be, and allowed to point you to that invisible but ever present friend about whom we have been thinking today. Let me tell you what I mean, in an incident.

The family physician of Dr. Sibert said, "Sir, you must get your daughter to a warmer climate, as she has tuberculosis." The kind bishop transferred him to Florida, and he was stationed in Miami, by the sea. The disease was too deep seated for the tonic of this flower-scented temperature to check its ravages. Death had shackled science, and though the best medical skill was added to the salt breath of the warm sea, the lively, laughing zephyrs, the balmy, bracing outdoors, the beguiling presence of many friends, and the constant ministries of a loving household, she went steadily into decline. One day she asked her pastor father if it were not the day for the meeting of the League. She insisted that she be allowed to go, as it would be her last and that she would love to play for them one more time. Knowing that the beautiful girl was marked for death, she was taken and placed in her accustomed place at the piano. She began playing, "There is a land that is fairer than day"—but

did not finish it, but fainted and was carefully borne back to her sick room and Dr. Jackson called. The end was manifestly near. The family was summoned. The little sufferer would pale and flush, pale and flush, alternately, and would gently swoon away, all the time looking as if she were being tenderly lowered, and lifted by the softest, but invisible hands and as if they were letting her taste of the fruits of the valley of death, and inhale its fragrance, to prevent any shock of surprise. Each time when she was thus lowered, her friends thought would be the last, but upon rallying, she said, I won't go yet; someone told me so; I will not go until I see the angels. Thus she seemed to rise and fall for sometime, when she said I will go next time for I saw the angels. She then addressed her father, saying, "Father, it was you who taught me the way of God. I shall tell Jesus that a girl never had a better or more painstaking daddy, and I know you will miss me, for I have been with you so much in meetings, and you have let me help some by playing the organ. You have done all you could to make me good, and have cared so sweetly for me during all my life. Kiss me good-bye, my dear Dad." She then said to the weeping mother, "Oh, my precious mother! I know you will miss the feel of me in those tired, faithful arms. You have lifted me and carried me for so many months, when I could not care for myself, and I don't want you ever to reproach yourself

for the least omission of my necessities or comfort, for you have done more than all that could be expected of a patient, sweet mamma. Good-bye, my darling, until we meet in heaven." Then she called her little sister, and slipped a little gold band from her finger, and placed it on hers and said, "Wear this, little sister, and remember how I love you, and shall think of you, and ask Jesus to help you to be good and help mamma as she grows older, and needs you." Seeing her little brother near, and crying as only a broken-hearted boy can, she said, "Come to me, my little brother," and he fell down and buried his head in the cover at her side, and she prayed and talked to him. Seeing her big brother near the door, she motioned, and said, "Old pal, come and say good-bye to me. You will miss me more than any of them. We have been running mates. We have had our sweethearts together; we have read each other's letters; we have kept each other's secrets. Brother, be a good son, help father and mother, and be religious. Brother, you know where my lot is in the cemetery. We have been out there and talked about things. When I am out there I want you to come out some, of Sunday afternoons, and bring me some flowers and think of me as I will of you. Be good, Old Pal." Her face was seen to flush and then pale—then with a seraphic smile, her eyelids flickered, she waved upward, a little waxen hand, and was off like the dew of the morning, to its home in the skies.

“Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate to endless joy—
And yet we dread to enter there.”

HE HOLDS THE FORDS OF JORDAN.

You and I have, perhaps, stood many times,
when accompanying our friends, to its brink—to
farewell them off, and there is the feel of a great
presence which only our knowledge and con-
sciousness of Christ can fill.

Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but She must die,
Fly, Celestial inmate—fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away,
Looking at thy crown above,
Mounting high on wings of love.
Saints in glory, perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade;
See, they throng the blissful shore,
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy, in heaven!”

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand be-
fore God.” This will be the first time that we will

see all of our fellows, and probably the last. But for lack of time I would ask you to look from the throne out upon this innumerable throng. All are there. I want you to consider Him that sitteth on that throne. Who is He? Surely we have seen that face somewhere. We have. We once saw Him hanging on a tree in agonies and blood.

"God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that MAN whom he hath appointed—Jesus Christ." Ah! Yes, it is He who undertook for this same race, every man, woman and child of them, millenniums ago, and has never forsaken them, until they must render an account. And even now, lest those for whose sake He died, whose weaknesses He has felt, with whose infirmities He has been touched, should not be properly judged, and have every possible leniency extended—He takes the throne of Judgment. Who better to judge us than He who made us, became us, redeemed us, regenerated us, and, by the Spirit, has inhabited all who would let—who better able to judge us, and who more likely to give us every consideration?

OUR FRIEND TO THE LAST.

You have no doubt heard or read of the trials before the ancient Sanhedrin. Say that I was accused of murder. The accuser must prosecute the case. One would not be likely to accuse without good grounds. And he knew that the Triumvirate, or judges, three to five, were all supposed

to be on the side of the accused, and that he, the prosecutor had to find the witnesses and conduct the trial.

Before impanneling the jury, so to speak, the accuser was interrogated by each and all the judges, asking how long they had known me, how well, and if he could not be mistaken. He would be warned of the curse of having innocent blood on his hands, and urged to consider my case, as well and to go over all the ground carefully with himself and be sure of all of it. Then, often during the processes of sifting evidence, the judge would interpose questions—always on the side of the prisoner, and sometimes taking the prosecutor to himself, and pleading with him to consider how fearful his responsibility in asking for the death sentence upon a fellow man. Thus it would go through FIVE trials, or five distinct siftings of the case—all to establish my innocence, if possible, and if not to mitigate the punishment to the utmost.

After the fourth trial the judges were expected to go home from court alone and not to mingle with their friends or families that night, but alone, to go carefully over all that they had been doing through the previous days, then in the morning to proceed alone to court. Then the prosecutor would be given almost what is known as the third degree. After again proving his sincerity, or obstinacy, they would go over the entire case, having scoured the country for every item

which would in any way establish my innocence or my good character.

Then, when the sentence must be passed, a rider, answering to our sheriff, would take a mount at the door, and ride slowly in advance of the officers who bore me to execution, crying with a loud voice, frequently, O-Ho! O-Ho! J. B. Culpepper has been duly tried and found guilty of murder, but if he has a friend who knows anything in his favor, let him now come forward and relate it. And, if anyone came forward and stated any fact which in any way would tend to clear me or mitigate the offense, or balance any act with some undiscovered virtue, five distinct times the procession could be returned for a re-opening and retrial of my case, so that in cases a man could have ten different investigations for killing. Justice and mercy were on my side to the last.

A JUDGMENT IN, OR OF, GRACE.

All days have run into one. Dispensations, Generations, Tribes, Nations are there, and they have all been affected by the touch of this MAN ON THE THRONE, from Adam and Abel, to the last born babe. LOOK AT THE MILLIONS!! Millions of children who died before birth and have been developed in HEAVEN'S OWN WAY. Christ got under this problem, and will no doubt advance them to holy, heavenly maturity, rather than remand them to unexplained oblivion. I hear the severe but tender judge as He says,

“Place that to my account, and pass them to my right hand.” Nor can I imagine one, except the devil, who would object to it. Nor can I imagine any more glorious or just disposition to be made of this, till now, undiscovered world of redeemed souls and bodies.

Then there are the millions of babes who lived only from an hour to a few brief months or years, but never reached the state of accountability, as we express it. But we know that our judge will render an account of them. Again, we hear Him order the angels to pass that to His account and pass them to the right.

GRACE OF BELATED RESPONSIBILITY.

Did you ever study childhood and notice that some children are further advanced in knowledge at six than others at fifteen? Have you ever talked with both white and negro youths who, while nearly old enough to vote, were densely ignorant on all moral questions? These overgrown children, and especially among the down-trodden races, and where the moral sunlight has rarely and but dimly penetrated, will need an Advocate just such as is now on the throne. There are many, many millions of them, and among them there are very many whom we have justly called heathen. They must all be judged under the law of their life. But the law of their life was couched in their environment, in their inheritance, and in the light of Christ allowed to fall upon them.

"Pass these millions of INCOMPETENTS TO MY ACCOUNT."

Again, I can think of none who will object, except the devil and his adherents. Look at the millions of *undeveloped creatures*. There they are, and whether they or their parents sinned, or neither, there they are, maimed, whether from parental causes or from some accident of birth or the nursery, or play-ground, or workshop—there they are, dwarfs, one-eyed, cross-eyed, limbs missing, one sense never developed, several but little used—from our own Helen Keller, down into all the dark regions where the laws of generation and development have played but half part—there they are, with no blame of their own. There they are and there is their appeal. To whom shall they turn? Who can assist them? Who can even up to them the very unequal contributions of time, of law and of opportunity?

Again, I hear this AUTOCRAT OF GRACE, as He says, Pass these to my right hand, and put them to my account.

DIVINE SURGERY.

Have you thought of Christ as He fulfills the whole law, the law of physical development as well? Have you ever thought of Him as He passes through some TREPANNERY of the skies, every victim of brain pressure, of concussion, of impingement of muscle on nerve, and nerve on nerve, preventing functional play and normal development?

Behold them! An army of many millions, as they come from some Paradisaical hospital, all renewed in body, all defects corrected, all missing members supplied, all excrescences and excesses removed, and for the first time since that accident of inheritance, or home, or playground, or field, or forest befell them, they swing out full-fledged and full orb'd in body symmetrical; in mind full poise, and therefore with all the attributes of soul and spirit, perfect in place, and full in play.

SIN TOOK ADVANTAGE.

Paul said, "Sin, taking advantage, slew me." Oh, the millions slain, not by their own perverseness, as by some unexpected advantage which sin got over them. Let me illustrate. Here is a girl of some pastor's home, or some with equal blessings. The girl was unfortunate in not having a mother who watches for her daughters, watches as does the hen for the hawk. The hen never says, I can trust my chicks anywhere, for she knows more of the lurking places, in copse and shrubbery, of the enemies of her little brood. Listen to me. I am now speaking of girls as sweet and as pure as yours or mine. Some morning that trusted but designing young man walks, or rides with that girl, down town, all the while she talking of her class, her school mates, or her purpose, possibly, to go to the mission fields. They thus enter the store and sit at a table for drinks. He winks at his pal behind the counter, and the girl

drinks a "loaded glass." He waits a few moments, puts her in the carriage, and drives her straight to hell. Overdrawn? Not by millions.

Take this poor girl as a type. She awakes to her ruin, finds herself in strange and wicked surroundings, realizes that she can never be her own pure, innocent self again, never can give herself to some man, as white as God's snow. Despair seizes her, and she starts down that line, worn as if oiled, by the millions who have gone over it. That line is only about five years long at most. She never enjoys one hour of it, and then she dies. Now, answer. Is that what you mean by a fallen woman? Answer, ye wise, hard-hearted men of whom society never expects much. Answer, each one of you, who were present, while Jesus wrote in the sand—was it passion, coarse or refined which betrayed her? What was her sin? When Jesus stooped and wrote in the sand, what did He put there? He put what He told that scarlet, men drugged, men dragged woman, when He looked up to find her accusers, if not her seducers in paradoxical panic—He wrote what you will hear in many instances again, in that hour of grace on the throne. He wrote, *"Neither do I condemn thee."*

Take that girl of ignorance, of innocence, of deep repentance—that victim of lust and treachery out of that group, and pass her and her like to my right, and put it to my account. She was as innocent of any intention of doing wrong as

when the night before she kissed her dad and mamma good night. She has repented of trusting too far. Pass her to the right.

OH, THE UNFALLEN FALLEN.

One layman in Fort Valley, Ga., after I preached along this line, said, where it drifted back to me, that I was growing weak, and too tolerant. He told me after the sermon that I liked to have saved them all. No—not by many millions.

EXPIATED WIFEHOOD.

I may not have the word I am after, but I know the class. It is that large class of young women who loved one and married another, often to please father or mother or to secure the promised help for little brother, or to aid in the care of beloved parents. There was no love and, on the part of both, soon no tolerance. The mistake was known too late. The children were born outside the pale of love or confidence, or even a passive indifference. They have, therefore, come into existence under a law of moral and mental degeneracy.

The mother tried in vain to forget the lad she learned at school to love, and with whom she could have been happy. Now, behold a home of disobedience, anarchy, lawlessness. Behold a home which has more in common with hell. Years ago, the poor woman despaired of a religious life—doubted God, and died of a broken heart.

Is there no hope? Is there no hope? None in this world, and none in the world to come? Was

she made to learn of heaven in a girlhood home only to make the hell of matrimony, and motherhood, and home, all the more a failure, and an intoxication of torments? I DO NOT BELIEVE IT. "Turn that wife loose, charge it up to me." If there is a law of allowances, in courts of justice—if there is a fitness in the oft-repeated question, "What was the motive?" "Find the motive"—then this woman will find a much more powerful advocate in our Christ than most of us have thought about.

MISPLACED LOYALTY.

Did you ever see a woman who was true to her husband while he was recreant of every trust? Did you ever find a woman who mistakenly supposed that she must obey her husband when he forbade the preacher a visit to their home? When he objected to her going to church, or to her reading God's word? Have you ever met with women who tried to get down on a level with their godless husbands, and often measurably succeeded—and all because they had promised it as they thought? Well, I have. Loyalty was merged into conjugal fidelity, and with no malice towards God, but with mistaken but good intent. Here again, we need a merciful Christ who can make allowances and knows how to hold the scales and how to befriend the needy.

THE OPEN BOOKS.

Why such care? Why a judgment of such scrutiny? It is because Jesus is on the throne.

He has always taken the doctrine and fact of hell with awful, and judgment day seriousness. Its findings are final. Its decisions are unalterable. Its doom is irremediable woe. Any sort of a hell is beyond compare with earthly sufferings. The loss which it entails is as if one had bartered a universe of the most extravagant joy and the most immeasurable riches for a penny. No more.

Hence, our Christ will call each dispensation, and carefully weigh the evidence in favor of each individual who lived under it, and its standard of right, and He will see that only relevant facts are alleged against each one in the prisoners' dock.

Thus with each dispensation and each generation and each individual, with all the patience of which He is so full, the books will be opened, and another book. Is that a book which He has made up, with all the inside facts of our weakness and our inherited tendencies jotted down? Is it a book carefully drawing the distinction between infirmities, faults, errors, wrongs, and sins? And will He often meet the adversary, or stern justice, or whoever or whatever represents the other side—will He rise and on our behalf rule on these points under which we have served and often sinned, here, without any distinction made, even by those who claimed to be our friends?

Ah, me! Why should Christ be on the throne, instead of an angel with a cold record? It is because He is Christ.

JUST TWO GREAT COMPANIES.

So many have lived that one is tempted to wonder if all the dirt, air and water have not at some time entered into the being of some animal, if indeed, not man himself. Of all the millions, of all the ages, climes and zones, we find them now divided into only *two great companies*.

“AND I SAW THE DEAD, SMALL AND GREAT,
STAND BEFORE GOD.”

God has ordered it and the angels have sifted them, according to the standard of law and life, applied to each, and now they stand to hear their doom. Look at the throne, and Him that sitteth thereon. His face is still marred. O, this Pre-Carnate Christ! O this Incarnate Christ! O, this Intercessory Christ! O, this Grace Dispensing Christ? O, this Christ, of that Judgment Throne! O Thou sum of all earthly and Divine perfections! Thou art still marred. I see birth-marks on Thee; I see carpenter marks on Thee; I see spear marks on Thee; I see Garden agony on Thee; I see the scar of Judas' lips! O, Thou wonderful Christ! WHAT NEXT?

Look, He has risen up! Look at that innumerable throng of the redeemed! How expectant! See how they look, from the throne to that innumerable throng upon the left. Look at them. They cast longing looks at the one on the throne, and there is inexpressible appeal in the looks they throw upon those on the right, and who de-

spite the hour and the awful circumstances, and the crucial moment of expectancy—they show signs of a glorious hope, and feel the painless throes of eternal blessings. But see the Judge! But hear the first prolonged, pent-up wail as it breaks loose, pent up since the day that Adam and Eve believed the devil, and Abel's blood cried so loud as to drown out angelic hallelujahs about the throne. O, these accumulating wails! O, this will blanch the cheek of hell and make the devil repent, with all the fruitless roar and lament of despair.

Had I the grace of an angel, the oratory of Cicero, or any or all the golden mouths of all the past, I would not attempt to describe this scene. I would but mar it, I would but weaken it. I would lower it from the picture which I dare say the Holy Spirit has already thrown upon the canvas of your brain and conscience at some time. But look!

That innumerable company on the left makes one more appeal to those on the right, and then to broken and splintered, and toppling nature, to hide them from that face on the throne. The angels stop, aghast at it! The innocent babes, of whom there are millions, cease the baby prattle of heaven, arrested by that face. The assuring smile of clergy, and ever hopeful mother, and innocent maidenhood—all, all are looking in amaze. WHAT NEXT? O, this hour! O, that moment, when patience reaches its end! When love can

kindle a fire in its own ovens! O, that hour, that moment, when God must be vindicated, WHEN SENTENCE MUST BE PASSED.

What is it He, the Christ, is most angry at, now—that anger made up of pity, of mercy, of love, of patience, of Grace—all spurned, to the last day, in the evening? “O, YE DESPISERS!” That is it. Ye did despise to His grace. Heaven agreed to your salvation through grace; the angels agreed to this plan of grace, to take you back into fellowship. The intelligences of all worlds agreed to your salvation through grace, BUT YE WOULD NOT.

SHALL I UTTER THE WORD, which all some day must hear? Hear it, O, hear it, now, and let it awake you. “DEPART, YE CURSED!”

My God! there never was so great an utterance of wrath, and in fact this is the first time that wrath has expressed itself, or been expressed. It rings through the vaulted skies! It rings among the crags of dying worlds; it reverberates through all the caverns of space, and finds its own echo against the most distant frontiers of an illimitable creation. O, that hour of exhausted grace! Heaven held more of it than any other perfection, and now it is exhausted! No one doubts it. Listen to that awful and prolonged amen, to these words of the Lamb. That amen came from the pallid lips of every man and woman on the left, who had done this despite! That amen is caught up by all the devils and that army

of despair, that army of hopeless defeat. Then all the holy angels catch it up, and it rings among the thrones of that day, and the redeemed can but say amen, and before its heaven-rending echoes die, the poor, rueful devil places himself at the head of that long line of his dupes, from all kindreds and tongues, and they are soon out of sight.

It seems to me that the shock will be undoing to the strongest nerves, and melting to the best balanced brains. Every eye is upon the point of their disappearance, and it seems as if we can never retrieve our awe-held gaze.

MUSIC.

This breaks the spell, and when we look again it is as if a new creation had arisen upon the spot. Who is that on the throne? It is He, the same and yet how changed! His smile is for each and for all and forever-more. O, was there ever a sorrow? Have we been dreaming that someone was sad or lost?

THE LAST ACT OF GRACE.

It is couched in an invitation. Hear it! Hear it! O hear it! "COME YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER, INHERIT THE KINGDOM PREPARED FOR YOU FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD."

O, we will go in now and get what we would have had but for sin—plus Redemptive mercy—plus the Incarnation—plus the Garden—the Cross—the Church—the ministry of angels—plus the

resurrection, and two full millenniums of administered grace—plus a most merciful Judgment day—PLUS CHRIST

AN OMNIPOTENT ADVOCACY.

A very remarkable court case once came under my observation. An old, wealthy, and otherwise prominent family, as is often the case, had one black sheep, consisting of a son, most incorrigible. He broke away from all home restraint early, and becoming addicted to intoxicants, he pursued every low pleasure, and followed crime as a business. He had been often in jail; had been guilty of homicide; had cursed his mother and sisters and fought his two brothers, until all of them despised him; his father disowned him and even his mother despaired of him.

After a long debauch, and a series of crimes, he was apprehended and thrown in jail, in his home town. Not one of his relatives came near him, except his brothers, who passing near the place of confinement, and being seen by the incorrigible, he cursed them and they denounced him.

Court convened and the case being widely known, drew many people. The entire family of the wicked son was present, being brought as witnesses. The ragged, bearded, long-haired, red-eyed boy was brought into court with chains on his legs and cuffs on his hands, and placed in the prisoner's dock. He cast malicious looks at his

sisters, and mother; cursed aloud his father and brothers, and spat on any who passed near him, and in all ways possible showed how low he had sank.

When the case was called the prosecuting attorney answered "Ready for trial." The judge asked if the prisoner had counsel. No one answered. He then addressed the boy and asked if he had a lawyer to defend him. He cursed the entire bar and said he had none, nor did he want any. The judge asked if any lawyer present would volunteer to take the case. After a brief pause, with no favorable answer, he said to a very young man sitting off to the left, as if no part of the assemblage, "Son, will you take this case?" The beardless youth arose, came and stood by the prisoner's dock, pale and speechless. The judge repeated, "Son, will you take this case?" The youth answered, "I will father, if you desire it." There was mild commotion throughout the house, for it was but yesterday that the young man had been admitted to the bar. After a whispered conference among the older lawyers, one arose and respectfully addressed the judge with these words, "Sir, if your honor please, as you know, we are fond of this young man, your son, of whom you are justly proud. This will be his first case, and there is not a lawyer here who could find one word to speak in this criminal's favor. He is condemned by a life of unbroken crime—by the proper ostracization of the entire community, by repu-

diation from his entire family—his own mother not excepted, and who has managed to write crime and loathing all over his face as well as his life. If you please, sir, don't impose so impossible a task as the first effort upon this noble youth. I voice the sentiments of all present."

During this remarkable recital the young man stood, with his eyes on his father, the judge, who slowly turned and repeated the question, "Son, will you take this case?" "Yes, father, if you desire it, and so appoint." With the reading of the long list of indictments, the prosecuting attorney said, "Judge, there is no use for further argument, so I rest the case, and ask that this young man be hanged."

The Judge had told his son to take prisoner into the jury room and arrange his case, but he had modestly declined. The criminal said to his lawyer, "And so you are a lawyer, and that is why you were nosing round the jail, trying to spy on me?" "No," said the lawyer, then addressed the court, saying, "Father, I am acquainted with this young man, having talked with him several times from the jail window, as I have others. I have no witnesses to introduce, nor have I any ordinary plea to make." Then he said, "Father, have I always obeyed you, so far as you know?" "Why, yes, son, but what has that to do with the innocence or guilt of this criminal, your client?" "Father, did I ever tell you a lie, or did I ever ask a favor of you, which, on its face, ignored your

interests in any way, in so far as you could discern?" "No, my boy." "Father, have you confidence in me and do you love me, and can you trust me today as much as ever in our happy life together?" "Never more my son, but—" "Then, father, I am going to ask you, that for my sake you have the sheriff unlock the cuffs from my client, and cut these galling chains from his legs."

Nearly everyone in the court-room arose and stood in silence and pallor, while the judge eyed his son, who spoke and said, "Father, I have often talked with this young man, never once dreaming that he would be placed in my charge. He has never thanked me, but has often cursed me and spat on me." Here the young man spake, in curses, and again spat at the youthful lawyer.

After a pause, again addressing his father, he said, "Father, you ask on what remarkable ground I make this request. First. I know this young prisoner better than he knows himself, and better than his own mother knows him. Second. I love him deeply. Third. I have hopes of him. Fourth. I have confidence in him; after looking deep into his heart. Fifth.. I will be responsible for him, to you, dear father, and to this aggrieved community."

The father and son faced each other while low and varied murmurs surged through the house. The criminal got unsteadily to his feet, shambled up to the young lawyer, and pulled his face about, and looked for a full minute into it, and fell back

when he heard these words: "I love you Ed, and I mean what I have told father." Again the criminal arose and came to him and said, "You say you love me?" "I do." "You say you have hope for me?" "I have." "You say you can trust me, and that you have confidence in me?" "Yes." "Did you say you will be responsible for me and my conduct?" "Yes." The criminal wailed out, "Judge, if you do what he asks, I don't care nothing for you, nor the jail, nor the rope, nor my family, nor anybody else, but your boy loves me. I can feel it clear through. He trusts me. Judge, if you do that, I'm done with sin and crime. He just naturally takes all the want to out of me for doing wrong."

The entire scene, and its effect on the court, lawyers, witnesses and spectators, can be far better imagined than described. Emotion ran riot, the judge leaned his head on the board and sobbed. The mother stared, in speechless, paralytic amazement. The brothers sat straight and immobile. Every lawyer had arisen. The judge said, "Mr. Sheriff, turn that young man loose. It was done. All this time the young lawyer, a little paler, stood speechless. He quietly returned the convulsive embraces of the envenomed criminal in rags.

Only partial order was restored, when the son, in ringing tones said, "Father, I thank you, and my life for it, you will never regret it. But, father, I have one more request to make of you."

"What is it, my son?" "This young man and I are about the same size and height. I want your consent to take him to the barber shop and the bath-room, and then to my wardrobe, where I want to divide up my entire stock with him. Will you agree to it?" The father, who seemed to have lost the power to say no to this aggressive advocate, said, "My boy, I give my consent to this also."

It seemed as if the case was closed, when the son said, "Father, I have one other request to make for my client." With a marked pause, and a deep scrutiny, he said, "What is it, my son?" "Father, I have no brother, but I want one, and I want you to adopt this boy, my friend. I want him for a companion, to walk and work with me, to sit with me at your bountiful table, and to lie with me under your sacred and protective roof." Taking a step forward, and with a new, rising ring in his voice, he exclaimed, "Father, you will do it, won't you, for my sake?" "Yes, my son," came with an emphasis that drove doubt from the house.

CHRIST.

“WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HIM?”

Dear Friends: I closed the sermon from the question, “What do you think of Christ,” with that remarkable court scene?

All thinking people who heard me recognized God, in that judge; Jesus, in that pale-faced young advocate, an indifferent or persecuting world, in that audience, and me and you, in that criminal, who had no advocate and was so sunken that he could not hope for one, or much more care for one.

We open this hour by reference to the tragic scenes of Pilate’s court. Jesus was a very common name in the East among the Jews, growing out of the widespread expectancy that God would raise up a Deliverer from among them, to free the race from Roman oppression, and each mother hoped that her son might be the chosen one.

Jesus simply means a deliverer. Barabbas was named Jesus, also, doubtless for the reasons given above.

Barabbas was not a chicken thief or common shoplifter, but a man who had a scheme of widespread revolution. He was aiming at the same thing that actuated the Nazarene, but he was a Bolshevik, or a radical Socialist, or a Terrorist, and one who saw no way to succeed except by the

sword and fagot. In short, he was an insurrectionist, with plausible motive and popular methods, such as are resorted to today by the Mohammedan, the German, the Roman Catholic, and indeed, almost everybody.

Barabbas would not hesitate to burn, destroy, and kill, to carry his point, but doubtless he aimed at nothing less than a nation-wide, if not a world-wide move. This, the Jews understood, and must have hesitated at turning him loose on the world again, but such was their hatred for this new prisoner who, with new and mild methods—those of love and gentleness, had captured the populace, and was surely moving towards the undoing of the nation, as they saw Him, the destruction of their laws, traditions, nation.

Hence, of the two—Jesus the Mild, or Jesus the TERRIBLE, they preferred the liberation of the plunderer, the destroyer.

In these two men the two methods stand out, which today actuate all agitators, doctrinaires, iconoclasts and indeed all forms of government. One is democratic; the other despotic. One is to save the individual, the other to merge him in a scheme. One places intrinsic value on a man, the other sacrifices the man to the method. One disseminates intelligence, self-respect, and self-determination, until each and all will rule his and her own spirit, and observe the Golden Rule towards everyone else; the other concentrates all knowledge, and all power in a unit of power, with

option of death on the rest of the millions. One practiced gentleness, reason, love, to which the other was an entire stranger. Both methods, with their actuating doctrines are fairly represented here at Pilate's court, in these two men, and the Russian rule was greatly augmented by the educated, ruling Jew, the truckling court, and the impressible masses.

We have Barabbas with us yet, as much as Pilate's prisoner, and the question is up again, as to which or who shall be let loose upon the world. Here, I ask indulgence, while I read an editorial which appeared in the *Memphis Appeal* on the Christmas morning of 1912, and which I read a few hours after, in my home near there at the time.

JESUS—THE PERFECT MAN.

There is no other character in history like Jesus. As a preacher, as a philosopher, as a doer of things, no man ever had the sweep and the vision of Jesus.

A human analysis of the human actions of Jesus brings to view a rule of life which is amazing in its perfect detail.

The system of ethics Jesus taught during His earthly sojourn—2000 years ago—was true then, has been true in every century since and will be true forever.

Plato was a great thinker, and was learned in his age, but his teachings did not stand the test of time. He erred in matters both large and small.

Marcus Aurelius made men think, but he was as cold as brown marble. The doctrine of Confucius gave a great nation the dry rot. The teachings of Buddha resulted in mental and moral chaos, and made India derelict. Mohammed offered a system of ethics, which was adopted by millions of people. Now, their children live in deserts, where once there were cities, along dry rivers, where once there was moisture, and in the shadows of gray, barren hills, where there was once greenness.

Parts of the system of Thomas Aquinas has been abandoned.

Frances Assi was Christlike in some things, but in many, childish.

Thomas a'Kempis' Imitation of Christ was only an imitation.

The Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore is still an unrealizable dream.

Lord Bacon's writings on medicine and chemistry are discarded as puerile. Until recently, the doctors gave dried lizard tails, egg shells, and bled—even for loss of blood.

Napoleon had the world at his feet four years, but when he died he had already been abandoned and scorned.

Jesus taught little as to property because He knew there were things of more importance. He measured body and soul, property and life, at their exact valuation.

He taught much as to character because char-

acter is of more importance than dollars. Other men taught us to develop systems of government. Jesus taught so as to affect the minds of men. Jesus looked to the soul while other men dwelt on material things.

After the experience of two thousand years no man can find a flaw in the governmental system as outlined by Jesus.

So say Czar, Kaiser and President, whether they are adherents of Mills, Marx or George.

In the duty of a man to his fellows, no sociologist has ever approximated the perfection of the doctrine laid down by Jesus in His sermon on the Mount.

Not all the investigations of chemists, not all the discoveries of explorers, not all the experiences of rulers, not all the historical facts that go to make up the sum of human knowledge—1912—are in contradiction to one word uttered, or one principle laid down by Jesus. The human experiences of 2000 years show that Jesus never made a mistake. Jesus never uttered a doctrine that was true at the time, and then became obsolete. Jesus spoke the truth; He lived the truth, and truth is eternal. History has no record of any other man leading a perfect life or doing everything in logical order. Jesus is the only person whose every action and whose every utterance strike a true note in the heart and mind of every man born of woman. He never said a foolish thing, never did a foolish act, and never dissembled.

No poet, no dreamer, no philosopher loved humanity with the devotion that Jesus bore toward all men.

Who then, was Jesus? He could not have been merely a man, for there never was a man who had two consecutive thoughts, absolute in truthful perfection.

Jesus must have been what Christendom proclaims Him to be—a divine being—or He could not have been what He was. No mind but an Infinite mind could have left behind those things which Jesus gave to the world as a heritage.

Indulge me while I read an extract from Sidney Lanier, on

THE CRYSTAL CHRIST.

Sidney Lanier challenges the perfection of several of our great and worthy by name. Hear him:

“Thus, unto Thee, O sweetest Shakespeare soul.
A hundred hurts a day, I do forgive
(’Tis little but enchantment!) ’Tis for thee:
Small, curious quibble; Juliet’s porient pun
In the poor, pale face of Rome’s fancied death;
Cold rant of Richard; Henry’s fustian roar
Which frights away that sleep he invokes;
Wronged Valentine’s unnatural haste to yield;
Too, silly shifts of maids that mask as men
In faint disguises that could ne’er disguise—
Viola, Julia, Portia, Roselind;
Fatigues most drear, and needless overtax
Of speech obscure that had as lief be plain;

Last I forgive (with more delight, because
'Tis more to do) the labored-lewd discourse
That e'en thy young inventions youngest heir
Besmearch the world with."

He thus to Homer, Socrates, Buddha, Dante,
down to Emerson—finding in discourse with each,
something or much to overlook or pardon, then
says:

"But Thee, but Thee, O Sovereign Seer of time;
But Thee, O poet's wisdom's tongue,
But Thee, O man's best man, O love's best love,
O perfect life, in perfect labor writ,
Of all men's comrade, servant, king or priest—
What if or yet, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's,—
Oh, what amiss, may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good paragon, Thou Crystal Christ?"

THE INCARNATION.

An incarnation—the incarnation was a human
necessity. It took place in the world's midnight.

The Greek civilization of culture was aenemic;
the Roman civilization of pompous power was
brazen, bestial, belittling to the individual, and
innocent of beneficence of vision; the Jewish civi-
lization was not a well preserved corpse. The peo-
ple, by searching, had failed to find God.

It was equally a divine necessity, for God had

talked through a long line of prophets; had spoken through angels, often; had tried to draw near in daily sacrifices; had spoken His nature and will through law, yet darkness had covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.

Reverently, let me say, that God's great love for man in his entirety, and man's dire condition actuated the allwise, and all powerful Maker, to get Himself born down into human nature.

Otherwise, He could not be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, could not know us, and could not be known by us.

Here is the most staggering of all miracles, and it finds its highest expression in love, when God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. The Bible does not try to prove the Divinity of Christ, but seems to promulgate its great doctrines as if man had given up all effort to save himself, and God had exhausted all other ways of redemption.

After the many infallible proofs of the supernatural life and power of Jesus, such as His resurrection, and after the first few shocks of surprise at the inexplicable events attending His trial, resurrection, brief sojourn, sudden leave-taking, the marvelous transformation in the spirit and conduct of the disciples—after these things, a number of groups developed, wherein Jesus was admired, and whose virtues were extolled, while His deity was denied, as a thing impossible. Such was the Ebionites, then later, the

Socinians, and later still, one branch of Congregationalists, and one branch of English Presbyterians and the sect known today as Unitarians.

DIVINE OR DIABOLICAL.

If Jesus was not what He claimed to be—the Son of God; if He is not Deity, under our breath, we must say that He is very vile.

Listen: He said He was God's Son; He claimed equality with God, in all respects, and allowed Peter and others to look upon Him in this dazzling light.

If He is not all the word implies, He was guilty of high treason, against the Jewish government, and is the arch SEDITIONIST OF THE AGES.

While the devil appears as God's enemy, and in private, and in the open makes war on the truth—this man ingratiates Himself into the confidence of needy, susceptible humanity, and has raised an army of millions of loyal followers, and has allowed Himself to be worshipped as God, and prayed to and depended upon as the only name given whereby we can be saved.

If He is not deity, He is an illegitimate child of chance, mothered by an unwed Jewish maiden, and is outside the economy of Jewish provision. His father was Joseph who lied much about his relations with this susceptible girl, and is entitled to no respect from any source.

Jesus has wrecked God out of the world if He is not all He claimed for Himself. He is wor-

shipped by more than God, and has brought the world to believe that there is no worship, except through His mediation.

If He is not Deity, then the HOLY SPIRIT is either a miserable myth or is in collusion with this arch deceiver. There is either no third person in the trinity—yea, no Trinity, or two have revolted, and are in conspiracy to leave the loving God without one loyal follower or counsellor.

If He is not Divine, then there are no angels, or they are as much in revolt against their maker as that one-third of shining stars which were torn from the vaulted galaxies some seven thousand years ago.

If He is not Deity, then the last book of our sacred collection is a fraud, used to advance the claims of a Barabbas who has usurped the place in men's hearts and in this world which God said He would not give to another.

If He is not Divine, then there has been no resurrection, and Paul's master arguments are bundles of foolishness, and the four gospels are the worst news this world ever heard, and come near proving that God is dead or conquered.

If He is not Deity, then this proud civilization is a baseless fabric, and all of its boasted great men, and greatness, can be smashed like parched eggshells.

Our millions of libraries are meaningless, our preachers, dead and living, have been deceived, and have perpetrated the gigantic fraud of the

ages. Our graveyards should be visited tomorrow, with mallet and chisel, and all said about the resurrection, hope, home, reunion, heaven, should be removed, and our hopeless dead left to forgetfulness.

If Jesus is not the Christ, then every art gallery should be stripped of all statuary, painting and history, which misled men and robbed God.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

Jesus is all one way. He is not good and bad, true and false, divine and not divine. Can it be that His coming, just when the world needed Him, and was looking for some mighty one, was a fortuitous happening?

Can it be that He could gather into Himself and His brief life, all the meaning of bloody sacrifice—all the prophetic fingers converging upon His hour—can it be that He could prolong the fraud of birth, miracle, unparalleled teaching, and with it a blameless life, get by with it all and in some way manage to float off before many worshipping gazers, when He was a deceiver?

Can it be that all of our great readers and profound thinkers are misled, and are the dupes of this bastard, and can it be that the millions who have thought that they have met and known Him with an inward knowledge, are deceived, and that men who reason, and millions who experience, must, in shame be forever silent, and must the Christian world apologize for the most astound-

ing ignorance, the most unparalleled betrayal, and the most silly zeal?

Since it must be one—viz., that Jesus is the Christ, or that He is the living, incarnated, incorporated Barabbas—since we must again decide, what have you to say?

If Jesus is robbed of His divine nature, then we have no divine religion, and if our religion is not divine, then it is without authority to command or life to bless.

While He was God-like in His birth, life and death, sufferings, teaching and solicitude, as well as in His call to His disciples and His charge to them, and while His announcement of all power, committed to Him and transferred to them, has held the potency of conviction until this day, while our great civilization has been lifted by the brains and hearts which were the creation of direct contact with Him, while SUPREMACY—DEITY, is written on His high, imperial brow, while stagnation must take the place of lightning speed progress, if He was only a man, yet the sooner we accept Him fully for what He claimed, or repudiate Him in thunder tones and world-wide acclaim, the better for the poor old world.

There will inevitably follow a weakening of faith in God's authority; there will be no hell, no real heaven, enormity will become obsolete when applied to sin, and hence there will be little need of salvation.

The pulpit will lose its charm and its grip; the

home will be only a poorly conducted eating house. There will be no lure towards the church, and hence no gathering for light, or life; clap-trap methods will hold a little while, as a means of holding society together; there being no loving, able Christ, men will lose all hope, and will hate and be hated, and the world will fall into remediless despair.

I have thus spoken and read at length that I might get before you, and through you before the world, the tragic seriousness which awaits our decision and ardent advocacy.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HIM?

All countries have produced their leaders of state and religion. Jesus is the only capable world leader, according to all intelligent criticism.

China, India, Japan have their Confucius, Buddha; China boasts of her Li-Hung-Chang; England her great men and great women; America has men who have distinguished her, in religion and government. Jesus is not local anywhere. His claims and His sayings canopy geographical, instinctive and heart yearnings, commensurate with earth limits and man's wants.

Jesus has in Himself just what all men want, and they recognize it when He is properly "lifted up."

Jesus alone commands the whole world to hang up their stockings on His birthday, and they do it with an expectant faith which He never disappoints.

Philosophy may give you a Plato, or Bacon; art may say, come and behold my Raphael and Angelo; Mars may say behold my military chieftains, but the church alone can say, come and see the man who offers you the water of eternal life—freely.

Jesus has builded His church into a school, a home, a hospital, a drug store, an orphan asylum, a red cross, a great drainage system, a great pilgrimage to a better world.

Look at Christ and song! Are you ready to commit to the flames, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "I My Cross Have Taken," "How Firm a Foundation," "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hour," and thousands like them? How poor this world, if it is proven that Jesus is not the Christ, for the children, the grown folks, the wedding march, the patriot of the cross, and both the new convert and the dying saint will have no melody to give forth in worship of a fraud.

Think of our art galleries, when there is no Raphael—Madonna and the BABE.

Hess—The adoration of the MAGI.

Theodore—Without the heavenly choir at the birth of the Savior.

Tintoretto—And the great temptation.

Ira Scheffner—Jesus weeping over Jerusalem.

Dora—The agony of the Garden.

Bida—The betrayal of Judas' kiss.

Hornthurst—Jesus before Pilate.

Bida—Jesus mocked by the soldiers.

Van Dyck—Jesus crowned with thorns.

Rubens—Jesus being taken from the cross, also the resurrection.

Purugin—Jesus ascending from Olivet.

Blockherst—Jesus coming back to earth.

Daniel Webster said: "I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God."

Napoleon Bonaparte: "I know men, and I tell you Jesus was no man. There is the distance of infinity between Jesus Christ and other religions. Alexander, Charlemagne, Cæsar, and I founded an empire on force and genius. Jesus Christ founded an empire on love, and at this hour millions would die for Him. He is ever magnetic and gentle. He proposes to our faith, a series of mysteries, and commands our acceptance, giving no reason, except—'I AM GOD.'"

Napoleon died, on a thundershod night, in exile. There is a picture of him, which hangs, or once hung in Brussels, depicting him descending into hell down a winding stairway. Considerably down, and at a turn, he beholds millions of soldiers whom he had led to death through ambition, awaiting him with various questions on their upturned faces. He beholds behind these many millions whom he had caused to be slain, for no sin or crime of theirs. Hate is depicted in every look and gesture. He beholds still behind these, mothers and fathers, wives and children, whose children he had slaughtered or driven to want, crime

and death. These children, now no longer such, grew up without a protector and guide because of this man's ambition. For a minute he seems shocked, when what his earthly career really was, began to dawn on him.

Charlemagne died. He had himself sceptered, crowned, vaulted in Westminster, but when the tomb was opened his flesh was gone, his costly crown was resting on his skeleton shoulders, his sceptre had fallen to the marble floor, the scroll of God's word which he took along for good luck, had fallen to the floor, and one of his finger bones had fallen and lay across the words of Him whose life and rightful Lordship is so questioned today, seemingly pointing at Jesus' question "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Alexander died drunk.

Cæsar crossed the rubicon, came, saw, conquered, and was then murdered, and is rarely ever thought of.

Jesus died, and on the third day arose to be dated from, to be the man of affairs throughout the world, to give universal motherhood a soothing lullaby for the cradle which He rocks every rising civilization in, to order out an army of men and women, who were to attack every illfounded dynasty, every evil principle, every hurtful thing, and proclaim a larger, better life here, and an eternal round of glory hereafter, as a reward for service, and their weapons of offense and defense

were to be His simple word—the word with which He made the worlds before.

And no one time did He seem to be conscious of great power, or indeed of a new purpose. He went about accomplishing things as if it were a habit, which truly it was, for He was old like the stars in His great conflict with our foes.

James Anthony Froude said: "Jesus was the most perfect man who ever walked on our planet, and was called the man of sorrows."

Charles Dickens' will: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament."

Shakespeare's will: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, believing through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Savior, to partake of eternal life."

John Stuart Mill: "Who, among the disciples, or their converts, was able to invent the sayings of Jesus, or to image the life and character, ascribed to Him?"

Rosseau: "Can it be possible He was a mere man? Plato described a perfect man, but he took what he knew of God's book, by which to model him. Turn and look at the difference between the son of Sophronicus and the Son of Mary! Jesus Christ lived and died like a God."

Ernest Renan: "After writing thirteen lives

of Him, and in every way trying to ruin Him, finally exclaimed, 'All history is incomplete without Him.' He created the object and fixed the starting point of the future faith of humanity. He is the incomparable Man, to whom the universal conscience has decreed the title—Son of God, and that with justice. The highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the breast of humanity was that of Jesus. Repose now, in thy glory, noble founder! Thy work is finished, thy divinity established. Thou shalt become the cornerstone of humanity, so entirely that to tear Thy name from this world would rend it to its foundations."

John the Baptist said: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

John, the Beloved: "In the beginning, was the word."

Peter: "Thou art the Christ."

Thomas: "My Lord, and my God."

Pilate: "I find no fault in Him."

Pilate's wife: "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man."

Judas: "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood."

The Centurion: "Truly this was the Son of God."

God said: "This is my beloved Son."

Christ said: "I am the light of the world, the way, truth, life, the resurrection and the life; I and the Father are one; destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up again."

Now, why do men wish to take such a being out of business, society, and the hearts of men?

Destroy the doctor, but you still have disease. Destroy the surgeon, but you still have the gangrene. Destroy the policeman, but you have left the robber. Destroy the old rugged cross, but you still have sin. Destroy His word, but you leave the evils He and it propose to cure.

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow doctors will practice the healing arts of which He is author and head. Tomorrow half a million Red Cross angels will hover about fields of carnage, cots of clot, beds of bandage, huts of healing—all in the name of Him who went about doing good.

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow hundreds of thousands of banks will budget their business under the codes of honesty and truth, which He has established.

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow a hundred thousand judges will open courts and balance scales of justice, equity, and pity which Jesus Christ has established, and the Judge who has kissed His book will require the same holy act of all parties to each transaction, recognizing Him as having lifted law into love.

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow thousands of sincere men will lead thousands of pure girls to His altars, and as directed by holy men, will pledge love and swear lifelong loyalty to each other in His name, and

walk out and build a home, according to the BLUE PRINT He writ in the largeness of an unselfish love, in a carpenter's shop two thousand years ago, and which no man has attempted to annul or improve.

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow, from a thousand ports, ten thousand tourists and travelers will commit themselves to Ocean liners, asking this same Jesus to send an angel convoy to see their ship safe to shore.

What Will You Do With Him?

Every day and night printing presses, thousands of them, are running double shifts in a losing effort to supply the wide world with the sayings and doings of the three years of His earthly life.

What Will You Do With Him?

In the morning millions of preachers will take up their endless rounds of comfort, instruction and soul-shriving. A million girls will leave their door for the school-room, having knelt to Him and asked for nerve, patience, power to advance the affairs of mother, home, state, church in their classes. Thousands of school and college chapels will open their volumes of instruction by a public acknowledgment of His presence and His rights.

What Will You Do With Him?

Every day new orphan homes are being dedicated to Him, and prisons are turned into altars

of penitence and merciful reform, while chaplains and pastors and temperance women and delegations from young men's associations are opening the volume of His word, and extending a gracious pardon, wrought out by Him.

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow a thousand ships will be undocked from Christian ports, loaded with bread and clothes and medicines for the wicked world's war devastated districts, and every day witnesses the farewelling from glad, but weeping mothers and fathers, as they dedicate their sons and daughters to Him who alone has issued a worldwide commission, and who alone has the authority to sign a real lasting Peace Treaty—He alone being the Prince of Peace.

And today thousands of book counters will be emptied of great deliverances about Him to make room for newer and better ones—all advancing His thought, and all trying to crown Him Lord of all.

Just in His name, one ruler, a few months ago wrote out fourteen points for the world's guidance, in strangling MARS, and freeing the world from his bloody slaughter, of both guilty and innocent and that from the days of Cain until now these points being only suggestions when rightly understood, but they went like lightning to the world's last frontier and galvanized the individual brain of the world into new thought so much so that all of every land are saying "What new doc-

trine is this we hear?" Who is this that talks of universal peace?

A few more official pen strokes like it will make a preacher in Khaki, with a gun in his hand look like a jackass in a lion's skin, or a snarling wolf, robed in the downy covering of a lamb.

What Will You Do With Him?

This very night millions of innocent children will clasp diminutive hands on holy, maternal knee, and chime forth, "Now I lay me down to sleep"—ever ending with, "And make me a good boy, or girl, for Jesus' sake."

What Will You Do With Him?

Tomorrow they will drive around to your door and take old mother or little babe, and at the open grave you will hear the heart break of, "Ashes to ashes," but above the preacher's voice and the rumbling clod you may hear, in heartened tones the word, "I am the resurrection and the life." These words will ring out the power of right over wrong, life over death, hope over despair, Jesus over the graveyard.

What Have I Done With Him?

I take Him as

"The name high over all,
In hell, or earth or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

"The name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;

It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven.

“Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name—
Preach Him to all and cry in death—
Behold! Behold the Lamb!”

What Will I Do With Him?

I will stand on guard until He shall invest Himself with the Divine purple and shall robe His ten thousand saints in the royal white, which no fuller can whiten, and shall lead their way on ten thousand white chargers down the angel-empannelled slopes of glory vaulted vistas—“Er-coming to carry me home.”

I will join the colored people, and all others who watch for His coming, and in quavering cadence ‘Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low, sweet chariot, er coming for to carry me home.’

What Will I Do?

In closing this my second sermon on Him, I tell you there is no saying as to what I will do.

I left my home and took up His lonely trail over fifty years ago, and up and down hill, through blind alleys, over cactus grown plains, through wolfish forests, across deserts dire and death-dealing, burnt by the snows of mountains, blistered by scorching suns of persecution, with money at times, and again without it; where His footprints were plain, and where they had been obliterated by the gorillas of Higher Criticism,

Theosophy, New Thought, Eddyism, jungles of flesh tearing ignorance, sleeping at night, where my life depended on keeping my altar fires burning—followed Him through festive halls, where gayety enchanted me, and out into graveyards whose mould stifled me; I have stopped long enough on His trail, and have leashed His lure long enough to bury two babies, my old dad, and my mother, in different graveyards, for it was all done on the trail made by Him; I have laid away thousands of friends, but with heart hurt, I have always turned and looked for His tracks, until my hair has grayed and fallen away, my eyes are straining for a vision of Him through blinding cataracts, my ears strain, through a growing confusion of sounds to hear His voice; I am weak, for the journey has been prolonged into a dark gray twilight; my limbs often ache, and often betray me, and I totter. I am tired, oh, so tired of the ways of men, and the things of time; I must needs look close lest after all I myself lose the way. Sometimes my brethren have misunderstood me, and a few times have hurt me, and hindered me; I have kept hoarse shouting back to all behind me, when I struck fresh signs of His dear feet; I have remonstrated with many thousands who have given over the struggle, and turned back or turned aside.

Now, after all of this, when He reins in that great white horse near my camp or path, and when He looks straight into my eyes and says,

John, you have kept the track pretty well; I went right along there, but I have turned back to meet you; just hop up here behind me and we will be home to dinner.

O Prince of the Noble! O angels!! O, Jesus Christ!! O, my soul!! Good-bye, all scrub mounts, like railroad trains, automobiles, and flying machines! I have found my Mount, and my Lord at last, and Home I go.

